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NEW-YORK:
H. LUDWIG, PRINTER,
No. 70 & 72, Vesey-street.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE universal popularity of the various prose productions of Mrs. Ellis, has induced the Publisher to believe that a collection of her fugitive pieces in verse, would not prove unacceptable to the public ; more especially since they have never before appeared in a collected form, either from the English or American press. If an equal degree of literary excellence may not be claimed for the contents of the present volume, with the very best poetic productions of the day, it may safely boast of not being destitute of that distinguishing charm of sweet domestic interest, which so peculiarly characterize the numerous other productions of this esteemed author, on the minor morals of social life. Without laying claim to the pretensions of the poet, it would be no less an infringement of justice, than of courtesy, to exact against her effusions the most rigid standard of poetic criticism ; and yet there are many specimens which grace the present collection, which might challenge with impunity such scrutiny. Leaving this task to devolve upon her numerous readers, however, who have unquestionably the right to judge, the Publisher respectfully submits them to their suffrages, in the confident assurance that they will be favourably received.

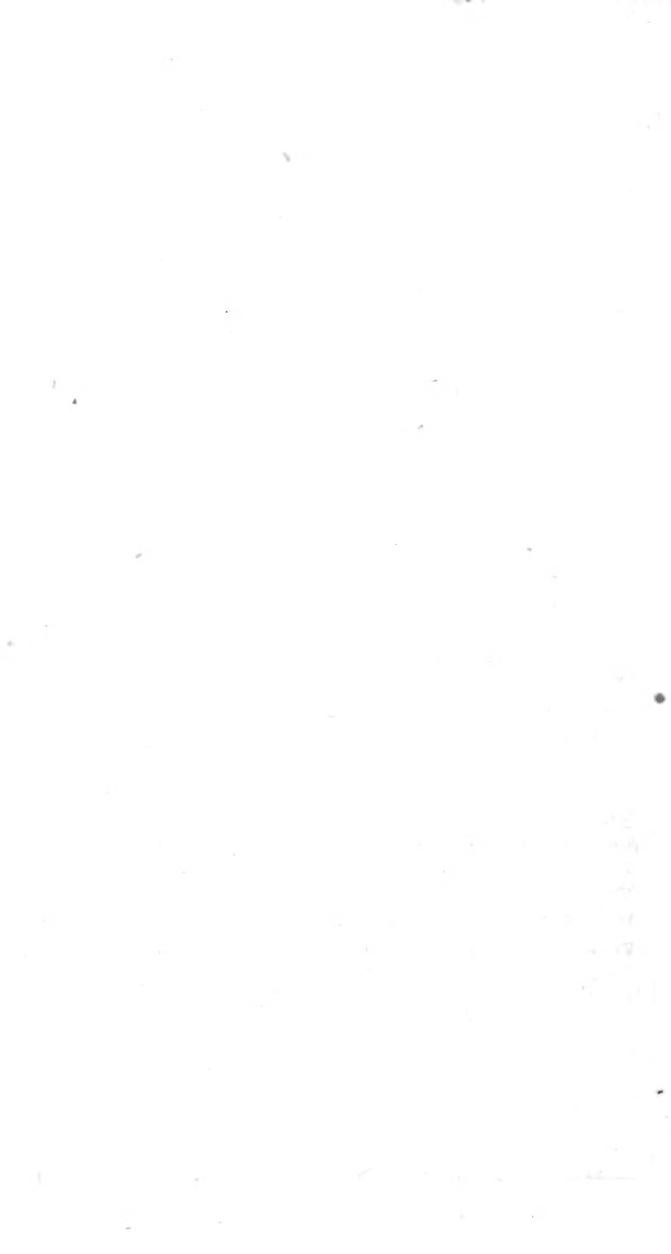


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THE IRISH GIRL.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

THOUGH every garb that varied nature wears
Boasts its own loveliness, enchants, endears,
And holds the heart, 'twixt memory and hope,
Blessed in the present moment's narrow scope ;
Yet, most I love the deepening tints that glow
While Autumn weaves a garland round her brow ;
And hail that season, when departing day
Tells of a smiling summer passed away ;
When yellow fields have lost their waving corn,
And chilling breezes fan the purple morn ;
'Mid silvery dews, when faded foliage falls ;
When to his mate the lonely pheasant calls ;
When o'er the heath the partridge leads her brood,
Or, trembling, seeks the shelter of the wood,
Far, far, from man ; who roams with murderous aim,
And sports with life, and calls his victims game.

See, in the west, while golden day declines,
And lingering light upon the landscape shines,
What form advances o'er the distant hill ?
'Tis one whose aim and errand is to kill.
No prowling poacher, but a reverend man
Is he, whom now thy busy thoughts would scan ;
Preacher and pastor of the parish fold,
Their sabbath counsellor—their guide, behold !
Home, to his own fireside, he hastens on,
Ere the last beams of parting light are gone,
Shoulders his gun, cheers up his weary dogs,
And strides, impatient of the evening fogs.
He enters—lo ! the happy scene within !
It is the time when home delights begin ;
And England, thou canst tell, how close, how dear,
To the warm heart, is thy domestic cheer ;
The kindly welcome, and the blazing hearth,
The plenteous board, and then, the voice of mirth
From freeborn children of a happy land,
Of health, and peace, and love, a rosy band ;
And these were his, and hers, who shared in all
His pride, his pleasure, and his duty's call ;
A fair and gentle matron, formed to love
And be beloved ; one never known to rove
On gossip's errand, slanderous tales to bear
From house to house, pretending pastoral care ;

But, led by hope, by charity constrained,
By faith supported, she, with love unfeigned,
From the deep well-spring of a Christian's heart,
Sought for the friendless, that she might impart
Some portion of her blessings, and her bliss,
Esteemed too rarely, in a world like this.
And now she trims again her glowing fire,
With looks as bright, and smiles that never tire,
Welcomes her lord from danger and from toil,
With playful question of his sport and spoil ;
While inward thoughts, more earnest, and more deep,
Rise to her God, with prayers that he will keep
Safe, as within the hollow of his hand,
Her soul's first treasure safe by sea and land—
From ills without, and enemies within,
From storm and danger, weariness and sin.

Now let the social meal be brought, and see
A perfect picture of felicity :
There is no wanderer from that little fold,
No anxious care to gather fame, or gold ;
There is no strife those wedded hearts between,
No pain, or sickness, threatening o'er that scene ;
All, all, is peace ; save laughter, and loud joy,
From merry girl and mischief-loving boy,
Bursting afresh, like sunny rills that flow
From hidden fountains, telling, as they go,

By the sweet music of their melody,
How tameless are their waters, and how free !

But, who is she, that trembling, fearful thing ?
Why comes she here, her wo-worn looks to bring,
As if to blight the fruit she may not cull,
The fruit that drops for hands already full ?
Hence, from this home of joy, poor houseless child !
With step so weary and with eye so wild :
Dark night is hastening on—fast fades the day—
Hence, little friendless wanderer, hence, away !
What ! lingering still ? See, see, she tries the gate,
And dares to tempt her stern impending fate ;
Sweet-scented flowers of evening lead her on :
She enters—looks—admires—and fear is gone.
Wide o'er that fruitful garden gazing round,
Pauses, as if she trod enchanted ground ;
Then seeks that latticed window, whence the light
Falls on the clustering jessamine so bright,
That every silver star shines forth to view,
And feathery boughs, fresh spangled o'er with dew.
What seest thou, child of misery ? Look not there !
Such brilliant picture mocks thine own despair.
Is it the mother's kiss that meets thine eye,
Or the soft cheek of rosy infancy
Pressed to her own, with all a mother's care,
And many a fond good night, and many a prayer ?

Poor child of misery, thou wast sad before,
What can it be that makes thy cup run o'er ?
Thou art a stranger from a neighbouring land,
Why comest thou at the rich man's door to stand ?
It needs no tongue to tell thy native shore,
Enough, that thou art friendless, weak, and poor.
There is no aspect misery can wear,
No look forlorn, but we may find it there ;
Nor there alone—wide as the realm of wo,
Wandering, thy brethren and thy sisters go ;
Till, " the poor Irish," is another name
For abject want, and poverty, and shame.

Oh ! Erin, lovely emerald of the sea,
Women have wept, and minstrels mourned for thee !
All feeble things to aid thy cause aspire,
And I, the weakest, idly tune my lyre ;
As those who watch the tempest-troubled main,
Shriek for the mariners, but shriek in vain :
Their cries, their prayers, upon the wild winds cast,
The gale blows on, the vessel sinks at last ;
So we, as vainly, weep thy hapless fate,
While fly the rich, the powerful and the great,
O'er the vexed bosom of thy narrow sea,
Forgetful of thy wretchedness and thee.
Where is thy pride, vain-glorious Britain, now,
With this foul spot upon thy laurelled brow ?

Tell not the tale beyond the heaving tide,
Of a weak sister, starving by thy side.
Plant thy bold standard on the distant shore,
Recall thy conquests, count thy battles o'er,
Send forth thy navies, arm thy sturdy sons,
Boast of thy laws, thy freedom, and thy guns,
But keep thy bosom's counsel—tell not thou,
How the pale shamrock withers on thy brow !
How thy fair sister of the western sea,
Smiles through her tears and fondly clings to thee !
And cries for bread to feed her hungry hordes,
While all the help thy potent arm affords,
To still the agony that rends her breast,
Is, force that lays, but cannot soothe to rest :
Force for the many, chains and death for some ;
Terror abroad, but—sympathy at home !
Yes, thou canst sing her sorrows to thy lyre,
Laugh at her wit, extol her patriot fire,
Boast of her eloquence, as of thine own,
Nor tell what wrongs have taught th' impassioned tone.

But to our tale. A little Irish child
Was she, by that bright evening fire beguiled.
And still she gazed, for cold the autumn air
Blew o'er her cheek, and chilled her forehead fair ;
And dark the night looked, when she turned away,
But yet, alas ! she might not, dared not stay.

What magic sounds are those that meet her ear ?
Again she ventures, nearer and more near.
That lovely lady still attracts her eye,
As o'er the ivory keys her fingers fly,
While from her lips she pours the plaintive strain
Of Erin's woes, too often wept in vain.
"It is my country !" sighed the helpless one ;
"It is my country ! Oh ! that we were gone ,
Back from this land of strangers, far away,
Back to the green hills where I used to play.
They told us if we left our native shore,
And came to England, we should want no more.
That 'twas a land of plenty ; sure it is,
But we are starving in this land of bliss.
Sweet lady, thou hast kindness in thine eye,
Oh ! give me food, nor let my mother die !
Safe is thy stately house, secure and warm ;
My mother has no shelter from the storm :
Rich is thy clothing, soft thy downy bed ;
My mother sleeps within a roofless shed :
My little brother, too, as fair a child
As he on whom thy gentle lips have smiled ;
And they are hungry, and I dare not go,
To meet their asking eyes, and answer ' No :'
For he will stretch his little hands, to feel
For the first morsel of his scanty meal :

And oh ! my mother looks so faint and weak,
Bright is her eye, and faded is her cheek ;
Save that sometimes a feverish spot is there,
And her pale brow is crossed with lines of care,
While strange wild fancies fill her burning brain,
And long forgotten things she tells again,
Laughs, when there is no pleasure, for, alas !
We have no pleasure—none my mother has :
Then angry words, she never used to speak,
Burst from her lips, and tears run down her cheek,
And then her fits of former kindness come,
And she will talk of Ireland and our home,
Our little cabin, by the green hill side,
Where first she went, a young and happy bride.
And when the moon is shining clear and bright,
And we are walking in the silent night,
She tells us of our father, bold and brave,
And how that moon is shining o'er his grave.
Poor lonely ones ! yes, you are watching now
For my return ; alas ! too well I know ;
And I must meet you with an empty hand,
Silent, and sorrowful, before you stand ;
Hear your reproaches, hear my brother cry,
And mark the anguish of my mother's eye ;
While faint, despairing, on the ground you fall,
And I, unfeeling, dare not tell you all ;

For I have eaten, since the break of day,
One precious morsel : as I went away,
Cold blew the biting blast across the moor,
And when I reached the hospitable door
Of him, whose dwelling stands beside the heath,
The piercing wind had caught my feeble breath,
- And I was speechless for a moment's space,
But sure they read my sorrows in my face ;
For bread they gave, and gave it willingly,
Nor called me frightful names, nor bade me fly.
Grateful, and glad, I blessed their bounteous care,
Hunger prevailed, and I had none to spare,
No ! not for you ; then forth I went again,
With lightened step, and scarce a thought of pain,
Hope cheered me on, though weary was the way,
And my heart failed not till the close of day.
But when the evening dews began to show
Their silvery mist upon the plain below,
When sunset touched the distant hills with gold,
And through the trees the moon shone clear and cold,
I cried for bread ; but still I cried in vain,
And when they drove me forth, I begged again ;
Not for myself, I could have borne it all,
The chilling blast, the heavy night-dew's fall,
The harsh refusal, and the constant cry,
' Hence, from my door, go, filthy Irish, fly !'

But you, poor sufferers ! when I think of you,
I close my eyes, and tears come starting through,
For ah ! ungrateful ! if I had but kept
That little morsel, then you might have slept,
And now !"—She said no more, for tears again
Fell from her eyes. Against that window pane
She leaned her forehead, with its fleecy cloud
Of yellow hair, and sobbed, and wept aloud.
What sound is that ? the reverend pastor cried,
While his pale wife stood trembling by his side ;
See by the window, what a fearful thing !
Rouse the domestics, call the footman—ring !
They run—they fly—all seems confusion now,
Where lately sober feet were pacing slow ;
Wide spreads the alarm, and she, poor innocent,
Raises her head, that like a flower was bent,
A trembling flower, the weakest, and the last,
Beneath the fury of November's blast :
Wide spreads the alarm—she hears the angry cries
Of dogs and men, then forth affrighted flies,
O'er the lone moor pursues her dreary path,
Nor stops to brave their curses and their wrath,
Poured on that land of vagrants, whence she came,
That luckless land of poverty and shame.

Oh ! ye, who meet around the cheerful hearth,

Your home—a paradise of social mirth !
Friends at your fire, contentment at your board,
Your coffers filled, your garner richly stored,
Your glowing future bright with dreams of bliss,
Say, can you picture poverty like this ?
The little friendless beggar, wandering wild,
The feeble mother, and the hungry child,
The eager question, and the faint reply,
The tears that steal upon the aching eye,
The harsh rebuke, the gentle pleading tone
Of her, whose voice would melt a heart of stone,
The gloomy future, with its gathering ills,
The want, the misery, that lingering kills ;
And these were theirs, that wretched family,
Who stretched their wearied limbs to sleep, or die.
They slept—the mother's arms were folded round
Her bosom's treasure—on the low damp ground
They lay ; for they had nought to hope or fear ;
Sweetly they slept—for all they loved was near.
Their happiness no storm could rend away,
Nor deepest night bring darkness to their day.
They slept—the dews of night around them fell,
And murmuring breezes sighed their sad farewell.
They slept—no earthly eye looked down upon
Their lowly rest, o'er which the pale moon shone,
And the blue heavens in their immensity,

Spread o'er them far and wide, a purple sea—
Where twice ten thousand barks of glory sail,
Without a compass and without a gale,
Nor stoop to earth to tell their "wond'rous tale."
They slept—Oh ! is there not an arm of might,
An eye that watches in its own pure light,
The same unchanged through all eternity,
Strong to defend, and vigilant to see ?
Then fear not, lowly sufferer ! though thy lot
Be cast upon a waste and barren spot ;
Faint not, nor murmur at the stern decree,
Thy Father loveth while he chasteneth thee !
Earth cannot hold thy wearied spirit long,
And heavenly harps may join thine evening song !
Though dregs of bitterness thou drink below,
There, living waters at thy feet may flow !
A diadem of thorns may here be thine,
There, wreaths of glory round thy brow may shine !
Despised of men, bowed down, and broken here,
Angels may serve, and Seraphs guard thee there !
Far from thy native land, an outcast, driven,
Behold thy home, thy resting place, in Heaven !

THE BARK OF HOPE.

A GALLANT ship at early morn
Swept o'er the slumbering tide,
Her cordage trim, her sails untorn,
Her pennon waving wide.

There met that morn among her crew,
A dark, and fair-hair'd boy ;
They were two comrades firm and true,
True both in grief and joy.

An orphan was the dark-hair'd child,
Cast on the world alone ;
He scorn'd to fear the tempest wild,
And mock'd its billowy moan.

The other own'd a gentler mind,
A fair and fragile form,
Nurs'd by a mother all too kind,
Affections all too warm.

They had laugh'd together on the deck
Of that proud, heaving bark ;
But they clung beside her lonely wreck,
When gathering night grew dark.

The sun had risen upon their sight,
With scarce a threat'ning cloud ;
But ere his mid-day beams grew bright,
Behold a sable shroud !

A shroud spread over earth and sea !
Dark heavens and darker wave !
With boding wrack, that gloomily
Swept o'er the seaman's grave.

And far across the coral reef,
A heavy booming swell,
Echoing the sea-bird's song of death,
The sailor's funeral knell.

A hundred souls went down, they say,
Beneath that yawning wave ;
A hundred hands were lost that day,
And none were near to save !

Yet they were left, those comrades true,
As if no power could part

The boyish love, that with them grew,
And bound them heart to heart.

A shatter'd mast was all their hold,
A broken plank their stay,
The sea was round them, fierce and cold,
When daylight died away.

“Cheer thee, my boy,” the brave one cried,
“The moon will soon arise,
Hold up thy head, the briny tide
Is foaming in thine eyes.”

Was it the briny tide ? or tears ?
He had no voice to say ;
His labouring breast was filled with fears,
That bore his thoughts away.

He knew the billows heaved around
In all their awful might :
But his ear was listening to the sound
Of his mother's prayer at night.

“Save me,” he cried with fluttering breath,
“My friend, some pity take !
Save me—oh save me from this death !
My mother's heart will break.”

“Yes, I would save thee, with my life !”

His faithful comrade said,

“But thou *must* brave the billows’ strife,
And raise thy drooping head.

“Cheer thee, beloved—sink not so,

I’ll bind thee to the mast ;

Where’er thou floatest I will go,
And bear thee up at last.

“Perchance on some fair island thrown,

We two may live to smile,

To build a trim boat of our own,
And seek our native isle.”

And then he bound the feeble one,

With tatter’d sail and rope ;

Yet still the gloomy night pass’d on,
And not one ray of hope.

It pass’d. And morning dawn’d at length,

And calmer grew the sea ;

But wasted was that frail one’s strength,
A sight most sad to see.

His brow was pale, his head was bent,

His hands had ceased to hold ;

On the bare mast his cheek he leant,
A pillow hard and cold.

The wild winds blew his vest aside,
The billows tore his hair,
Those golden locks, his mother's pride,
So sunny and so fair.

Oh! then what agony was his,
That dark-hair'd orphan boy,
Who never felt a mother's kiss,
Nor shared a sister's joy.

"I might have died, and all the world
Would still have been the same;
The death-flag but one hour unfurl'd,
Then lost my worthless name.

"But thou, so fondly loved of all,
So gentle and so kind,
Wake! wake! thy heavy eyelids fall,
I'll shield thee from the wind.

"I'll keep thee warm—I'll wrap thee close,
I'll chafe thy purple hand,
Let me but hear thy welcome voice,
More sweet than shouts of land.

“Look o’er the wave!” he cried with joy,

“It is no idle tale!

Look o’er the wave! my own brave boy!

I see a distant sail.”

Then loud he raised his wildest cry,

And waved a kerchief red:

Far o’er the deep the echoes fly,

They seem to wake the dead.

One movement of that gentle form,

One heaving breath was there;

One tinge of life-blood fresh and warm,

Upon that cheek so fair.

“He lives!” the orphan cried, “he lives!

Come, bark of hope, and save!

Come while the flush of life revives!

Come swiftly o’er the wave!”

He strains his voice—his aching sight;

And while that vessel nears,

Emerging from the shades of night

A misty isle appears.

The vessel nears. A busy crew

Are moving on her deck;

He hoists his signal-flag anew,
And now, they see the wreck.

It was as if that moment held
The wealth of all his life ;
The breeze still blew, the billows swell'd,
He heeded not their strife.

He had one thought, and only one,
'Twas for that gentle youth,
Around whose forehead beauty shone,
And tenderness and truth.

The vessel neared—Oh, blissful sight !
He wound his coil of rope :
“Come o'er the wave, thou angel bright !
Sail on, thou bark of hope !”

And soon a friendly voice was heard,
And helping hands were near ;
But the orphan had no welcome word,
To answer back their cheer.

Nor linger'd he to talk or tell,
How they that raft had won :
“Take him,” he cried, “and nurse him well,
His feeble strength is gone !”

Yes, gone for ever ! In that heart
The tide of life is cold :
Friends whom the tempest could not part,
Whose love had ne'er grown old.

That blissful hour of safety parts—
And never, never more,
To one of those young trusting hearts,
Shall life its joy restore !

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.*

FOND mother, gently turning
To thy loved—thy youngest born,
How is thy bosom yearning
This bright, this blessed morn !
Its little arms are wreathing
So softly round thy brow,
Its dewy lips are breathing
The soul of sweetness now ;

Thou hast no thought of sorrow,
Of sadness, or of tears ;
No darker doom to-morrow,
Thy faithful bosom fears ;
Thy trust is in the roses
On childhood's cheek that bloom ;
And thus thy heart reposes,
Nor dreams of grief to come.

* "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

The morning fades—what fleetness
Hath rapture in its wing !
Love's very words of sweetness
A mournful echo bring.
Hark ! to that cry of anguish
Gone forth at eventide !
What mean those forms, that languish
The vacant couch beside ?

Have all the loved ones perished,
Who blessed their mother's lot ?
The fairest, and most cherished—
The lovely—are they not ?
Go wail, thou wretched mother ;
With lamentation wild !
Thine anguish knows no other
Sad requiem for thy child.

Go seek him on the mountain,
Where stately cedars grow ;
Go seek him by the fountain,
Where cooling waters flow :
His step so lightly bounding,
Like sunshine at thy feet ;
His voice so sweetly sounding,
Thou never more shalt meet.

'Tis done—no prayer can alter
The tyrant's doom of wrath ;
Well may thy footsteps falter
To tread the household path.
Alone, thy childless bosom
Must bear its sorrows now ;
Thy youngest, brightest blossom
Is severed from the bough.

SORRENTO, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF TASSO.

BEAUTIFUL are the waves that flow
 Beneath Sorrento's walls ;
With rippling swell, and foam of snow,
And murmuring sounds, that come and go
 Like fitful waterfalls.

Beautiful are the skies that shine
 Above that sparkling bay,
Where hang the rich luxuriant vine,
And thousand plants that climb and twine
 With light fantastic spray.

Beautiful are those shores, and meet
 For poet's charmed lay,
Who traced the Syrens' treacherous feet
Upon those sands, and heard them greet
 The wanderer on his way.

Beautiful is that sunbright scene
 For poet's cradle framed ;

Where scented flowers, and woods of green,
And mountains blue and distant seen,
His songs in childhood claimed.

But why within that verdant spot,
So lovely and so still,
By all the noisy world forgot,
Where even the ocean-waves are not
More loud than mountain rill ;

Why fiercely rose the warrior's crest
Upon his early dream ?
Was it, that in his youthful breast,
He loved the foam, the tumult, best,
Of some enchanted stream ?

And wherefore broke the clash of arms,
The rattling shield, and spear,
With all the battle's wild alarms,
The groan that chills, the shout that warms,
Upon his listening ear ?

Was it that in his fervent soul
A burning thirst arose,
To drink where troubled waters roll,
And fill the intoxicating bowl
With human joys, and woes ?

Yes. Thus he felt, and thus he sung,
For Genius woke the fire :
A warrior-bard he proudly sprung,
While round his brows her wreath she flung,
And tuned his virgin lyre.

But not alone the battle-field
With skilful touch he drew ;
The waving plume, the glittering shield,
Beauty, in gentlest form concealed,
And that he painted too.

And not alone the conqueror's cry
Of triumph wild and strong,
Inspired his numbers bold and high ;
But loftier strains he dared to try—
The Christian's faith he sung.

Wherefore ? Ask not. There rolled above
His youthful head that sky ;
Those glorious heavens, so far above
All earthly change—the type of love,
And immortality.

PILGRIMS ON THEIR ROUTE TO MECCA.

NIGHTFALL in the Desert !

'Tis a dreary thought ;
With no household gatherings
By soft evening brought.

Nightfall in the Desert !

Not a welcome voice,
To call the loved one nearer,
And bid his heart rejoice.

Nightfall in the Desert !

Not a leaf nor flower
Waving in the moonlight,
Or gladdening in the shower.

Nightfall in the Desert !

Who shall keep from harm ?
Not a roof to shelter !
Not a hearth to warm !

Nightfall in the Desert !

'Tis a fearful thing

To stand beneath the brooding
Of that mighty wing—
Like some bird of darkness
Floating down to earth,
Come to spread its shadow
O'er the brow of mirth.

Stars, where are your beauty ?
Moon, thy silver light
Shines not in the Desert
With a ray so bright,
As when deepening shadows
Fall from tower and tree,
And the lake is shining
Like a crystal sea.

Hark ! what tone of greeting
Strikes the listening ear ?
Human joy and gladness !
Friendship—even here !
Pilgrims, worn and weary,
Resting on their way,
Bright the fire they kindle
At the close of day.

Can they speak with pleasure,
Can they smile with mirth,

Here amid the saddest,
Loneliest scenes of earth ?
Yes ; for all are sharing
In this night of gloom ;
'Tis the golden secret
Of our earthly doom.

Time and place are nothing,
Danger is not feared ;
Pain hath scarce a torment
When that pain is shared.
Fellowship of feeling,
Thoughts that must unite,
Fill the loneliest desert,
Cheer the darkest night.

THE ENGLISH LADY.

I LEFT thee when a thoughtless girl,
The loose hair floated round thy neck,
In many a wild fantastic curl,
No band its golden wreaths to check.

I left thee when thy step was light
And playful as the bounding fawn,
As o'er the dewdrops, clear and bright,
It wanders forth at early dawn.

I left thee when thine eye of blue
Was calm as heaven's unruffled sky ;
When scarce a cloud its azure knew,
Or tear, save those of infancy.

I left thee, and I wandered far,
In sunnier climes beyond the sea,
Where female forms more lovely are
Than in our land of liberty.

I saw the Southern beauty smile,
I watched her eye so darkly bright;
I heard her speak—alas! the while,
Her beauty faded from my sight.

I marked the peasant's doom of toil,
Her burdened limbs, her brow of care,
The weary task that well might spoil
Her cheek of youth, no longer fair.

I turned to where a pampered thing
In regal state was decked to view;
The slave, the plaything of a king,
Untaught, unlettered, and untrue.

"Is woman's lot the same," I cried,
"Where'er her foot this earth has press'd?
Too weak for help, too low for pride,
Despised, degraded, and oppress'd!"

I came again: my native land
Looked green as if it faded never:
'Twas then, I learned to understand
The charm that must be hers for ever.

I came again: long years had rolled
With many a change o'er thee, and thine;

And envious Time his tale had told
On thy fair brow with deepening line.

Yet wert thou blest, for in thy home,
Thy sheltered home of peace and love,
No ruthless spoiler there might come,
No tyrant-rule thy torment prove.

And if thy brow was marked with care,
And if upon thy temples white
A silver thread strayed here and there,
'Twas not unlovely to the sight.

For many a deep and anxious thought
Hath love itself, if worth the name ;
And human sympathies are sought
Through hope and fear, and pride and shame.

And these had made thee look more grave,
But not less beautiful to me
Than when thy wild locks used to wave,
Thy lips to smile in girlish glee.

Then heed not thou, if brighter eyes
Shine where the elme is brighter too ;
Not all the charm of Southern skies
Can make the brilliant picture true.

But thine it is to seek delight
In noble aims, and generous deeds ;
To hide thy charities from sight,
And from life's garden pluck the weeds.

'Tis thine with fond affection's tie
To bind around thy faithful heart,
Treasures which gold could never buy,
With which no gold could make thee part.

'Tis thine to learn in early youth
Deep lessons from that heavenly book,
Upon whose page of sacred truth
Thy Southern sisters may not look.

Yes, English Lady, thou art blest,
And may thy blessings long remain !
Thy home of freedom be thy rest,
And honoured still thy noble name.

FALLS NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE JUMNA.

SUCH is the scene, 'mid which the traveller falls
Prostrate in spirit ; while he inly calls
Upon the rocks, and caves, and roaring floods,
On echoing hills, on deep and pathless woods,
On snowy heights more distant and more dim—
On this lone world, to speak, and answer him.
To say why all this pomp of solitude,
Where human footstep scarcely dare intrude ?
Why all this majesty for life's short hour ?
Why all this waste of beauty, and of power ?

Why here sweet flowers are blooming ? there
A bank of violets scents the mountain air—
No hand to cull them ? And the white rose too,
And wild pomegranate, with no eye to view ;
Nor sense to feel, nor lip to taste the fruit
Of this vast wilderness, where all is mute ;
Where voice of joy for seed of promise sown,
Or harvest timely reaped, was never known ?

Why the deep forest with its glens of green,
Where purest fountains rise and flow unseen,
Till, gathering force from precipice and rock,
They fall at length with one tremendous shock ?
Down, down, into the lowest depths they boom,
Pitching, and bellowing, till the cavern's gloom
Grows bright, with rainbow hues ; and foam and spray
Come dancing up, once more to meet the day. <

Why all this wonder of creation ? Why
You snow-wrapped summits towering to the sky ?
Arrayed in light, ineffably sublime,
Inspiring thoughts beyond the range of time,
Changeless, and lone, and vast ; with none to see,
Or mark, as emblems of eternity ?

These are the mysteries of Nature's book,
Whereon 'tis well that wondering man may look ;
But fearful, could he comprehend the whole,
With his low thoughts, and earth-entangled soul—
Fearful, if creatures grovelling in the dust,
Should learn to know, and therefore cease to trust.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PILGRIM, why thy course prolong?
Here are birds of ceaseless song,
Here are flowers of fadeless bloom,
Here are woods of deepest gloom,
Cooling waters for thy feet :
Pilgrim, rest ; repose is sweet.

Tempt me not with thoughts of rest.
Woods in richest verdure dressed,
Scented flowers and murmuring streams,
Lull the soul to fruitless dreams.
I would seek some holy fane,
Pure and free from earthly stain.

Based upon the eternal rock,
Braving time and tempest's shock ;
Seest thou not yon temple gray ?
There thy weary steps may stay,
There thy lowly knees may bend,
There thy fervent tears descend.

Has that temple stood the storm ?
Could no touch of time deform ?
Was the altar there so pure,
That its worship must endure ?
Whence those noble ruins then ?
Why the wondering gaze of men ?

No. The Sibyl's power is gone.
Hushed is each mysterious tone.
Closed the eye, whose upward gaze
Read the length of human days ;
Blindly darkened to her own,
Shrine and goddess both are gone.

Onward, then, my feet must roam ;
Not for me the marble dome,
Not the sculptured column high,
Pointing to yon azure sky.
Let the Heathen worship there,
Not for me that place of prayer.

Pilgrim, enter. Awe profound
Waits thee on this hallowed ground.
Here no mouldering columns fall,
Here no ruin marks the wall ;
Marble pure, and gilding gay,
Woo thy sight, and win thy stay.

Here the priest, in sacred stole,
Welcomes every weary soul.
Here what suppliant knees are bending!
Here what holy incense lending
Perfume to the ambient air!
Ecstasy to praise and prayer!

Pilgrim, pause ; and view this pile.
Leave not yet the vaulted aisle.
See what sculptured forms are here !
See what gorgeous groups appear !
Tints that glow, and shapes that live,
All that art or power can give !

Hark, the solemn organ sounds !
How each echoing note rebounds !
Now along the arches high,
Far away it seems to die.
Now it thunders, deep and low,
Surely thou mayst worship now.

Tempt me not. The scene is fair,
Music floats upon the air,
Clouds of perfume round me roll ;
Thoughts of rapture fill my soul.
Tempt me not, I must away,
Here I may not—dare not stay.

Here amazed—entranced I stand,
Human power on every hand
Charms my senses—meets my gaze,
Wraps me in a wildering maze.
But the place of prayer for me,
Purer still than this must be.

From the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise—
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay,.
Turn thee, pilgrim—haste away.

Here, what horrors meet thy sight!
Mountain-wastes, of trackless height;
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,
While in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and wo!

Here what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll,
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt, and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here.

'Tempter—cease. Thy words are vain.
'Tis no dream of worldly gain,
'Tis no hope in luxury dressed,
'Tis no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort, or repose,
Lures me to these Alpine snows.

I would seek, amid this wild,
Fervent faith's devoted child.
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lip are words that glow,
In his bosom depths of love
Filled from heaven's pure fount above.

I would follow, where his feet
Mountain-rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand ;
There I fain would bend my knee,
'Tis the place of prayer for me !

THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.*

Poor child of grief, thou bringest,
Beneath the stately dome,
Thy weakness and thy weariness,
Thy care for days to come.
Beneath the sculptured column
Thou bendest with thy fears,
Thine incense, no vain offering—
Thy penitence—thy tears.

What ails thee? Art thou lonely!
Have death or deadlier sin,
Broke down thy bower of beauty,
And let their terrors in?

* Ten thousand men are said to have been employed in building this vast and magnificent structure ; Constantine himself appearing among them, and paying them, every night, in pieces of silver, for the work they had executed during the day. In five years and eleven months it was completed ; and when the Emperor had thus accomplished his splendid undertaking, he exclaimed with exultation, “ I have conquered thee, O Solomon ! ”

What ails thee, child of sorrow?
Why droops thine eye of gloom?—
“Ask not; there needs no answer;
Mine is a common doom.

“I am a pilgrim, weary,
Yet hastening on my way;
I would not here be wholly blest,
For here I cannot stay.
I would not ask this fickle world
To give me of its mirth;
’Tis meet that I am sorrowful,
Because a child of earth.”

LOVE AND PRIDE.

Proud Beauty, they tell me 'tis love
That kindles the fire of thine eye;
But when did affection ere prove
A passion so towering and high?

They say that a rival has won
Her way to the heart that was thine.
No wonder; when thou canst put on
An aspect so far from divine.

It is not—it cannot be love.
Affection is lowly, and deep;
All groundless suspicion above,
It knows but to trust or to weep.

To weep such sad tears of distress,
As wither the cheek where they fall.
Thine is not an anguish like this,
The bitterest anguish of all.

Thou know'st not the meekness of love ;
How it suffers, and yet can be still.
How the calm on its surface may prove
What sorrow the bosom can fill.

No ; thine is a transient shock,
Of feeling less tender and kind.
Like the dash of the wave on the rock,
It leaves not a vestige behind.

Proud Beauty, this comfort then take,
Whatever misfortune betide,
Believe me, that heart will not break
Whose love is less deep than its pride.

PALACE, AND PRISON OF THE RHINE.*

STERN prison of the wave, deep, dark, and cold,
Lone palace of the Rhine,
Strange character is thine,
To rock the cradle, and to guard the dungeon-hold.

* Strange, that a history of love should be connected with so stern, so isolated, and so forbidding an edifice as that of the Pfalz. Accessible only by ladders, and containing several stories or tiers of dungeons, some even below the surface of the encircling river, it appears to have been in every respect calculated to increase the horrors of captivity, and to depress the spirit already sufficiently dejected under the loss of liberty. "How many pining eyes may have turned from those casements to the vine-clad hills of the free shore; how many indignant hearts have nursed the deep execrations of hate in the dungeons below, and longed for the wave, that dashed against the gray walls, to force its way within, and set them free!" On the other hand, however, we have more pleasing associations connected with this building, in the love of Henry of Brunswick and the faithful Agnes, to whom the surrounding country owed fealty and subjection. This fair heroine having herself become a mother during her imprisonment in the palace, and before her marriage with the man of her choice had been publicly sanctioned, the spot was ever afterwards held sacred as the birth-place of the princess of that house; and if the prisoner's melancholy wail has often been heard from its lone towers, here also the mother's joy has been carried away by the breeze in softer and more blissful accents.

High o'er thine ancient walls the mountains frown ;
Gray rocks and ruins hoar,
Tell of the days of yore,
When sighed thy captives o'er
Their hopes, their joys, for ever and for ever flown.

Here hath the solitary mourner gazed, and sighed ;
Here hath the wakeful eye
Looked up to Heaven's blue sky,
When not a sound was nigh,
Save the low answer of the hollow caves
Echoing the murmur of thine ever-rippling waves.

Here has the younger spirit chafed, and pined,
Longing, once more, to be
Far off, and with the free,
Away ! away, as wild and tameless as the wind.

Here every shade of grief the heart can know,
And tears of bitterest wo,
From secret wounds that flow,
The doomed, the desolate, have cast upon the stream
below.
Yet heedless doth it go,
Lashing its verdant banks with foamy waves of
snow.

Lone palace of the Rhine ! we look on thee
 With strangely altered eyes ;
 For hark ! what sounds arise !
It is the merry shout of laughing infancy.

It is the mother's joy, more deep, and still,
 Lulling upon her breast,
 The princely babe to rest,
 Too wealthy, and too blest,
To ask another drop her cup of bliss to fill.

What boots it now to her that vassals bow,
That pages kneel, and handmaids come and go ?
 A noble princess born !

 She laughs the thought to scorn.
A treasure to protect—a mystery to know—
Enough for her with gratitude to bow—
One thing to love ! She never can be lonely now !

“ HE POURETH WATER INTO A BASIN,
AND BEGAN TO WASH THE DISCIPLES’ FEET.”

“ LORD, thou shalt never wash my feet !”
The impetuous Peter cried ;
More touched with self-abasement meet,
Than with presumptuous pride.

But still the Saviour bent his head,
A servant there to be ;
“ If I wash not thy feet,” he said,
“ Thou hast no part with me.”

Oh, blest example ! noblest form
Humility could wear !
What art thou, man ?—a weed !—a worm !—
Such fellowship to share ?

Yet, while the radiance of that love
Shines on thine earthly lot,
Turn to thy brother man, and prove
That lesson not forgot.

Turn, as your steps together tread
Through life's long wilderness,
And, like the Saviour, bow thy head,
To succour, and to bless.

GREEK CHURCH OF BALOUKLI.

THE HEALING FOUNT.*

BRING forth thy sick, thou child of care,
Thy sufferer gently bring ;
Sweet thought, to come and worship where
The healing waters spring.

Sweet thought, that in the sunburnt plain,
The arid waste, should rise
A cooling stream for burning pain,
Pure as the azure skies.

* One of the most natural, and at the same time one of the most agreeable superstitions of the Greek Church, is that which ascribes miraculous efficacy to the water of certain fountains. Hence their peculiar fondness for the erection of churches upon the site of such streams, and the custom of bringing their sick to be sprinkled with the healing waters, at the same time that prayers were offered for their restoration to health.

Sweet thought, to build a temple there
For worship, and for praise,
To pour the grateful soul in prayer,
And breathe in songs of praise.

Sweet thought, that in our pilgrimage
Such fountains ever flow ;
That neither youth, nor weary age,
With thirst unquenched need go.

Then bring thy sick, thou child of care,
Thy sufferer gently bring—
Sweet thought, to come and worship, where
The healing waters spring.

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

LOVE's early dream hath music
In the tale it loves to tell,
Love's early dream hath roses
Where it delights to dwell ;
It has beauty on the landscape,
And verdure in its trees,
Unshadow'd by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze :
Oh ! early dream of happiness,
Where is thy waking bliss,
What brings thy golden promises
To such a world as this ?
Perchance thou art some shadow
Of that which is to come ;
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
To lead the wanderer home.

MARGARET-ISABEL.

THE muse, like thee, unused to fame,
Thy lineage dare not tell ;
Yet why that blush of maiden shame ?
For well we love thy household name,
Sweet Margaret-Isabel.

And pleasant thoughts, and memories dear,
Are blending with that word,
Of childhood's sports, unchecked by fear,
And home's loved music, ere thine ear
A stranger tone had heard.

Then blame not thou this humble lay,
'Tis all I ask of thee ;
That in thy bright, thine early way,
A single floweret I may lay,
Or weed, as chance may be.

A single thought—a wish—a prayer,
For such thy youth might claim ;
Not for a life exempt from care,
Or cheek of beauty always fair,
Or glory, wealth, or fame.

A happier doom 'tis thine to know,
Life's sorrows to beguile—
To smooth a father's weary brow,
And if a mother's tears should flow,
To gild them with thy smile :

A holier trust 'tis thine to hold,
A father's generous pride ;
A mother's love, that wealth untold,
More precious, and more pure than gold,
And, oh ! more deeply tried.

The world, which looks so bright and fair,
So full of hope, to thee ;
Perchance to them may sometimes wear
An aspect tinged with grief and care,
While time rolls heavily.

Then let thy joy awaken theirs,
Thy faith and feeling true,

Thy love, thy tenderness, thy prayers,
Like balmy breath of genial airs,
Their spring of life renew.

Thus gliding on, the happy hours
Shall know no cloud of gloom ;
But like those never-fading bowers,
Of sunny clime with constant flowers,
Shall be thy native home.

THE SAILOR BOY.

My father dwelt beside the Tees,
A pleasant home had we ;
Close hid from each unkindly breeze,
By many a sheltering tree.

Beside us rush'd the waters wild,
Loud murmuring on their way,
Before the door a garden smiled
With flow'rets ever gay.

The showers of spring, the dews of night,
Around us gently fell,
The summer sun shone clear and bright,
Upon that leafy dell.

No spot of earth was half so fair,
Or half so dear to me ;
But O ! I long'd the wonders rare
Of other lands to see.

I had a playmate who had been
To India's distant shore ;
And he would tell what he had seen,—
Perchance he told us more.

And I would listen till my heart
Was wean'd from home ; although
It griev'd me sore that we must part,
Yet still I pined to go.

I long'd to mount the vessel's side,
And stem the heaving wave,
To live my country's hope and pride,
A gallant seaman brave.

“I will come back again,” said I,
Each night before I slept ;
But when I met my mother's eye,
O ! how I could have wept !

I thought her looks were pale and sad,
I thought my father too
Grew old, and in his face he had
A cold and sickly hue.

Yet still I could not bear to dwell
Within that narrow home ;

Though in my heart I lov'd it well,
I better lov'd to roam.

I could not tend my father's sheep,
Nor reap his corn and hay,
My thoughts were of the boundless deep,
And regions far away.

Long, long I mused, and ponder'd how
To leave my native hearth ;
Despair was gathering on my brow,
And on my father's, wrath.

For threats and kindness, both were vain
To wean me from the sea ;
I cried, " When I come back again
A happier boy I'll be.

" I must away—there is a crew
Just landed on our coast,
They say their hands are one too few,
For one poor soul was lost."

" And thou wilt soon be lost my boy !"
My mother feebly cried ;
And where will then be all my joy,
Thy mother's joy and pride ?"

"I will come back again," said I,
"Dear mother, weep not so :
The anchor's weigh'd, the winds are high—
One kiss before I go.

"One prayer, one parting prayer for me,
"My parents, bless your son !
"Lo ! at your feet I bend my knee !
"One moment, and I'm gone."

Away, away o'er hill and dale,
Fleet as the wind I pass'd ;
Yet still I thought my mother's wail
Came on the moaning blast.

I reach'd the shore, the bark was trimm'd,
Loud cheer'd the jovial crew ;
O'er the blue wave the sea-bird skimm'd,
And far the white foam flew.

Then lightly sprang that gallant ship,
And proudly swell'd her sail,
Gayly she seem'd to heave and dip,
As sporting with the gale.

Away, away, through dreary night
And sunny day we went ;

The stars above us clear and bright
Their midnight blessing sent.

Day follow'd day, and on we sped,
Yet scarce a week was gone,
'Mid the dark ocean o'er my head
Uprose the Sabbath sun.

I never felt the Sabbath day
So dear to me before,
I never long'd so much to pray
Until I left the shore.

I never thought the village bell
Had half so sweet a sound,
Till I had bade my last farewell
To England's happy ground.

But now my heart, my yearning heart
Its dream of folly proved ;
O ! how could I so blindly part
From all I ever loved !

I thought of all my parents' care,
How they their child would miss,
How none would place my father's chair,
Nor meet my mother's kiss.

I thought of all her gentle ways
To lead my soul to God,
And of the sweet and pleasant days,
When we together trod.

And sure I thought my heart would break
Upon that stormy sea,
While fast the tears ran down my cheek,
For, O! the change to me!

Now the wide ocean round me roll'd
His thunders hoarse and drear,
And the rude oaths of seamen bold
Fell on my startled ear.

While far and wide my aching sight
Stretch'd o'er the waters blue,
But not a speck, nor gleam of light
Was there to meet my view.

Long, long I gazed; the clouds were dark,
The sea was darker still;
While creak'd and moan'd our feeble bark,
Toss'd at the ocean's will.

The evening came, and came more drear
The hollow heaving swell,

And some rough cheeks were blanch'd with fear,
But none their fears would tell.

And then the boatswain's hoarse commands
Bestirr'd that busy crew,
Who curs'd my inexperienced hands
That knew not what to do.

A stranger on the deck I stood,
A stranger, and alone ;
While thus to raging wind and flood
I pour'd my piteous moan :

“ O ! mother dear, the tempest wild
Is gathering on the sea,
Thou can'st not hear thy helpless child,
But thou can'st pray for me.

“ The winds are loud, the waves are high,
The foam beats on my brow,
How would the tears fall from thine eye,
If thou could'st see me now !

“ Art thou upon thy pillow laid ?
My mother, dost thou sleep ?
Hast thou at morn and evening pray'd
For wanderers on the deep ?

“I know thou hast, and thought of one
Who fondly thinks of thee;
Thy own ungrateful sailor son,
Toss'd on the stormy sea.

“Ungrateful! No, I never will
Grieve thy poor heart again;
Live but, my mother, live until
Our ship comes back again!

“I'll nurse thee well through future days,
My weary wanderings o'er;
I'll walk in all my father's ways,
And never leave thee more.

“O! ye who live in pleasant homes,
And sleep secure and warm,
Well may you love when winter comes
To listen to the storm.

“The storm that sings his lullaby
So sweetly while you sleep,
You little think what dangers lie
Within his cradle deep.

“You see the sailor when he laughs,
And tells of perils o'er,

Or when the social bowl he quaffs
With messmates on the shore.

“And thus you think his jovial heart
Is always light and gay,
You cannot see the tears that start
When he is far away.

“You cannot tell the love that burns,
Though distant he may roam ;
Nor how his faithful bosom yearns
For children, wife, and home.

“Then think awhile before you close
Your eyes in peaceful sleep,
And breathe one earnest prayer for those
Who plough the stormy deep.

“And thank the God whose care has bless’d
You with a happier doom ;
In weary life, a home of rest—
In death, a peaceful tomb.”

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

THE sun is shining on the grave
That rests thy head, my sister dear ;
Above that spot the green boughs wave,
And summer skies are bright and clear.

Sweet are the gentle gales that blow
The grass that clothes that lovely sod ;
And lovely are the flowers that grow,
Around the path thou oft hast trod.

But were I sleeping by thy side,
With the same turf above my breast,
Not summer scenes in all their pride,
Could lure me from the place of rest :

Not gentle gales, though laden sweet,
With perfumes from the scented rose,
Could win me back, their balm to meet,
Might I but share in thy repose.

Might I but feel that heavenly peace,
Thy chastened spirit found even here,
What then must be its share of bliss,
Translated to a genial sphere !

CROSSING BY A SANGHA, NEAR JUMNOOTREE.

THE MOUNTAIN - BRIDGE.

WAKE not yet, thou mountain-breeze,
Slumbering 'mid the leafy trees ;
Sound not yet thy stormy blast,
Till the mountain-stream is passed.

See ! they stir. The tompost bough
Of yon pine is waving now ;
Hark ! it comes with bellowing roar,
Speed thee, traveller, speed thee o'er !

Dream not now of safe return,
Thoughts of doubt and danger spurn,
Plant thy foot, and fix thine eye,
Like an arrow forward fly.

Look not down. That foaming tide
Shakes the mountain's echoing side,

Cleaves the granite's hoary brow—
Fearful traveller, look not thou.

Look not where the feathery spray
Dances upward to the day ;
White as snow, and pure as white—
Trust not to that treacherous sight.

Look not where the waves are clear,
Swift, but silent, glancing near,
Till at once, with giant curl,
Down the thundering depths they whirl.

Fiercer waters roaring loud
Toss on high their foamy cloud,
Darker billows raging still,
There, the mighty caldron fill.

Rushing wind, and furious flood,
Trembling bridge of shapeless wood ;
Heed not, traveller, speed thee on—
Now the rock of safety's won !

THE TURKISH MOTHER'S CHARM. *

“ My son, before thou goest
 To share the stranger's home,
An aged man thou knowest,
 To him then let us come.

“ Skilled in the art of writing,
 A wondrous art to me,
His hand is oft inditing
 Some page of mystery.

“ Strange charms he has, they tell me ;
 Strong talismans of power ;
And one this man shall sell me
 Within this very hour.

* The Turks are exceedingly fond of amulets ; they suppose them a sufficient safeguard against disease, magic, the power of evil spirits, the malice of enemies, and the assaults of robbers. The scribe has power, by transcribing certain passages from the Koran, and annexing certain mysterious ciphers, to give a paper to his customer, which he receives, believing it will protect him against every kind of harm.

“And thou shalt wear it ever
Close to thy beating heart ;
See that thou lose it never,
My child, where'er thou art.

“’Twill keep thee on the ocean,
’Twill keep thee on the land,
In the battle's wild commotion,
Beneath the warrior's brand.

“’Twill keep thee when the howling
Of the tempest passes by ;
From the hungry lion prowling,
And the tiger's searching eye.

“’Twill keep thee when the thunder
Is rolling in its wrath ;
Or when the hand of plunder
Besets thy midnight path.

“’Twill keep thee from all danger
A mother's heart can dread,
When thou, a lonely stranger,
On other shores shalt tread.

“Then take, my child, this token,
And Allah be thy speed !

The talisman, unbroken,
Will serve thine utmost need."

Thus said the Turkish mother,
And took the old man's charm ;

Alas ! she knew no other
To keep her child from harm.

She knew not that in pouring
A single fervent prayer,
That mighty Power adoring
Who heareth everywhere ;

Committing to His guiding
The treasure of her soul,
Implicitly confiding
In His all-wise control—

There is no fear of danger,
There can be none of harm ;
The orphan child a stranger
May go, and need no charm.

SCALA REGIA, — VATICAN, ROME.*

OH, noblest work of human art,
Majestic and sublime !
A link of giant power thou art
'Twixt past, and present time.

Connecting all the beautiful
Of by-gone days with this ;
Filling the cup of wonder full,
Till wonder grows to bliss.

Thus standing on thy marble floor
With fixed and upward gaze,
The exulting spirit longs to adore,
And pour itself in praise.

* The Scala Regia consists of four flights of marble steps, adorned with a double row of marble Ionic columns. Of all Bernini's celebrated works, it is allowed to be the cleverest and most magical.

But is it God, himself, alone,
Who wakes this rapturous thrill ?
Or fretted roof, and sculptured stone,
And man's own boasted skill ?

Or is it that we long to tread
Those marble steps to heaven ?
To bend with grace the drooping head,
And find our sins forgiven ?

Oh, splendid were the Christian's path,
And happy lot were his,
To hide from retributive wrath
In earthly courts like this !

But not for him to travel o'er
With stately step, and slow,
The richly chequered marble floor,
Nor ruder path to know.

The page of human life filled up,
Hath darker scenes for him ;
Humiliation's bitter cup
Filled to the very brim ;

And lowly ways to tread alone,
With none to cheer, or guide,

But thorns, and weeds, around him strewn,
And snares on every side.

Yet here he learns that wisdom true
No Attic school could grant,
With strict unsparing eye to view
His weakness, and his want.

And here he learns, from hour to hour,
His holy name to bless,
Who proves the might of heavenly power
In human feebleness.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH.

I HEAR of the traveller's view
From the lofty mountain's brow,
Of the skies of cloudless blue,
And the trackless fields of snow.
And I think when my schoolboy days
Are over, and I'm set free,
How I'll tread those perilous ways,
And how happy I shall be !

AGE.

Young man, there are chasms deep
In those trackless fields of snow ;
Where the sparkling glaciers sleep,
There is ruin and death below.
Where the rocks are wild and high,
And the clouds beneath them sail,
Ten thousand dangers lie
Unknown in the sheltered vale.

YOUTH.

Talk not of danger to me,
I love the daring thought ;
And a hunter I would be
Where the bounding chamois is caught.
I love to hear the breeze,
And the distant thunder-shock ;
I love to climb the trees
When their branches wave and rock.

AGE.

But the lofty branch may break,
And the distant storm come near,
And the giant heart may quake,
And the cheek grow pale with fear.
Then the cottage-fire burns bright,
Where all the loved ones meet,
And home is a blessed sight,
And safety doubly dear.

YOUTH.

Still, still, I would wish to make
My way to some distant land ;

I would sail on Lemman's lake,
Or loiter on its strand ;
And while history's page recalls
Its glory and renown,
I would gaze on Geneva's walls
When the evening sun goes down.

AGE.

Oh ! many a toilsome day,
And many a weary night,
Must come, and pass away,
Before that glorious sight !
And when thou hast seen thy fill
Of nations, and of men,
When time thou hast learned to kill
By constant change—what then ?

YOUTH.

I shall know a thousand things
That schools could never have taught ;
As the lark that soars and sings
Is too wise to be snared and caught.

All the wonders I shall seek,
For which other bosoms burn ;
And when I choose to speak,
My friends shall listen, and learn.

AGE.

'Tis not the sights that please
The observer's curious eyes ;
It is not what he sees
That makes the traveller wise.
He may pass from door to door,
From land to land may roam,
But *he* must still be poor,
Who brings no wisdom home.

CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THERE is a majesty, thou ancient Queen
Of many nations, in that front of thine,
Reflected in its various-tinted forms
Of gilded spire, and coronet of green,
On the clear surface of the crystal tide
Flowing beneath thy venerable walls.

There is a majesty in human power,
And in the skill of man's unwearied hand,
Which rears himself a palace from the dust,
And casts his burden on the glassy wave,

* "The approach to this magnificent city," observes the Rev. Dr. Walsh, "from the Sea of-Marmora, is more beautiful, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world. Before the spectator lies a romantic archipelago of islands, covered with pine, arbutus, and oak woods, from whence emerge, on every summit, some monastery of the Greek Church. These lovely islets seem to float upon a sea generally calm and unruffled, and are beautifully reflected from a surface singularly pure and lucid."

Fearless of danger : for the very winds,
Those viewless mysteries of Earth and Heaven,
Find him prepared to laugh their fury back ;
While from the line of their appointed course,
He turns their wings invisible, to waft
His freighted treasure wheresoe'er he will.

There is a majesty, more felt than seen,
In the vast city with its peopled homes ;
And hearts all full of an immortal life,
Thousands, and tens of thousands beating there.

There is a majesty in airy domes,
Spanning like Heaven's own arch the stately wall ;
In lofty roofs, and spacious colonnades ;
In marble floors, where cooling fountains play,
And varied columns cast their chequered shade !
In halls of pride, and courts of regal state ;
And richest temples reared for lowliest prayer ;
In crowded wharves, where commerce holds her seat ;
And massive arch, and venerable stair,
And bridge, and battlement, o'er which old Time
Sweeps with a harmless wing from year to year.

Oh, who shall say it is a vulgar scene,
A common spectacle, to gaze upon ?

Strangers from different lands, of every hue,
 And tribe, and nation, congregating there.
 From the far desert, pilgrims worn and gray ;
 Seamen, the sport of many a distant wave ;
 And busy merchants, hurrying to and fro ;
 And curious travellers, with thoughtful mien ;
 Grave men of wealth ; and inexperienced youth,
 Learning his lesson from a sordid page.
 Fashion, and folly, basking in the gaze
 Of the low multitude, all these are there ;
 And gorgeous luxury, reaping, ere it sows,
 The harvest of man's toil.

Oh ! who shall say

That man is nothing ! when his mind can make
 Conquest of stubborn earth, and sea, and air,
 And all that is therein ? Oh ! who shall say
 That man is nothing but a feeble worm,
 Save in the presence of his God ? When all
 He has, that gracious Father has bestowed,
 Gifts meet for his own service ; therefore good,
 If rightly used ; and glorious in themselves ;
 Most wonderful, when best employed : most fit
 To celebrate his praise through all the earth.

THE SLAVE.

“LEILA,” said the sultan’s daughter,
With a look of girlish bliss,
“I have saved from wanton slaughter
Many a fluttering fool like this.

“Far I chased the winged rover,
O’er the mead, and through the grove,
Now its wandering life is over,
Scarcely dare the rebel move.

“Take, then take the gilded beauty,
Hold it in thy faithful hand,
Teach it all a captive’s duty,
How to yield, when I command.

“Teach it how to shine, and glisten,
By my smiles, and by my frowns ; -
See ! the creature seems to listen,
Even now my power it owns.

“ See, my Leila, see what splendour
By that movement was displayed ;
Let thy touch be kind and tender,
Lest some fairy charm should fade.

“ Leila, art thou not beholding
With a joy as light as mine,
How those radiant wings unfolding
Mock the sunbeams when they shine ?

“ How those purple hues are blending
With the brighter tints of gold ;
While a velvet robe depending,
Softens still thy gentle hold ?

“ Take, then take my captive treasure,
Let no touch its beauty stain ;
’Tis alike my will and pleasure,
Every charm it should retain.”

Leila answered, sadly, slowly,
“ Lady, I would do thy will,
But the captive’s heart is lowly,
Can her robe be splendid still ?

“ Lady, can the broken-hearted
Bloom in bondage, and alone ?

Can the charms which hope imparted
Live, when every hope is gone ?”

Why that voice like sorrow dreaming ?
Why that look so meek, and grave ?
Ah ! too deep, too true their meaning—
Leila was herself a slave !

THE CRUSADERS' CASTLE.

TELL us, thou Castle hoar and gray,
What none beside may tell;
Who reared thy massive walls, oh! say,
Within this silent dell?

Here nature, all around, looks wild,
Uncultured and unknown;
Yet human hands must once have toiled,
Nor few have toiled alone.

Tell us. Thine echoes answer not.
The stately sounding tread—
The clarion wild—are all forgot!
Where are thy warriors fled?

Where are they whom no foe could bind,
The tameless, and the free?
Their banners waving in the wind,
Have all forsaken thee!

The plenteous board, thy cheerful hearth,
Thy sparkling bowl, that gave
A louder tone to midnight mirth,
And laughter to the grave ;

Where are they all ? The jackals cry,
The vulture seeks thy halls ;
The dark green ivy waves on high
Above thy mouldering walls.

No answer comes from hoary tower,
No sigh from donjon-keep,
To tell who sought, in danger's hour,
Thy fortress wild and steep.

'Tis buried all—the silent past
Tells not thy wondrous tale ;
A nameless form is all thou hast,
Lone Castle of the vale.

THE ROBBER'S DEATH-BED.

UNKNOWN, untended and alone,
Beneath the damp cave's dripping stone,
On his low bed the robber lay,
Watching the sun's departing ray,
As slowly, faintly, faded all
The dim light on that cavern's wall.

Alone—alone—and death was near,
And that stern man, unused to fear,
Whose shout had led the battle-strife,
Whose arm had bared the bloody knife,
Whose soul would neither spare nor yield,
In secret way, or open field.
That giant frame, of sinewy make,
Why does each nerve and fibre quake?
Why glares around that eagle-eye?
Can he, the dauntless, fear to die?

Yes! Fear, a stranger-guest, has come
To fill that cave's mysterious gloom

With visions dire, and monsters fell,
And some remembered—all too well,
Dim pictures of the far-off past—
All hideous now, and all defaced.

What form is that advancing slow ?
His mother wipes his misty brow,
He feels her breath, so gently warm,
His head rests on her feeble arm,
Kind words once more are heard, and felt,
A mother's knee in prayer has knelt.
'Tis all a dream ! That form has gone,
The friendless one remains alone.
Yet something still sounds in his ear—
'Tis not the ocean-waves, though near ;
It is the still small voice, which speaks
When nought beside the silence breaks.
That voice which neither wind nor wave
Nor aught can stifle, but the grave ;
A still small voice—yet louder far
To him who hears, than din of war ;
And deep, and clear, the warning cry,
When sickness comes, and death is nigh.

At early morn there sought that cave,
On high behest, two warriors brave ;

Commissioned by their prince to find
That lawless man—to guard and bind,
At safety's risk, that iron hand,
And from its terrors rid the land.

Behold he sleeps !—the veriest child
Might sport beside that ruffian wild,
So still, so fixed, so moveless now,
The marble of that fearful brow.
No passion stirs his fluttering breath,
He sleeps the long cold sleep of death.
He sleeps ; but who the tale shall tell
Of that lone robber's last farewell ?
When earth, and sky, and sea, and air,
And all they held of rich or fair ;
When all his greedy hand had gained ;
And all his hold would have retained,
Were passing swiftly, surely by,
And fading from his drooping eye ;
While nought but horror, guilt, and gloom
Remained beside his opening tomb :—

Yes ; then, even then, that holy book,
With trembling hand the robber took ;
And such the lessons learned in youth,
And such the force of heavenly truth,

That while condemned the page he read,
Some hope of mercy o'er it shed
A ray more bright than earth could yield ;
And feeling, all too long concealed,
Burst forth, o'ermaster'd by his fate.
But, hark ! that call—"One moment wait."
He drops the book—it is too late !

THE ROCKS OF SCYLLA.

TIME hath an empire vast and wide
O'er fruitful vale and foaming tide,
O'er mountain high, and torrent deep,
And promontory bold and steep ;
Nor sternest rock of iron mould
But yields to his relentless hold.
Thus many a deity revered,
And many a danger, shunned and feared
In ancient times by wisest men,
Hath lost the power it boasted then.
Thus Scylla's voice is silent now,
And when the seaman steers his prow
Unharm'd amid her ocean-caves,
No more with trembling breath he craves
Protection from the vengeance dire
Of injured woman's quenchless ire.

But Scylla's name hath something wild
And fearful yet, to fancy's child.
And well that ancient tale may stir

Pity and dread alike for her
Who fell, by one fierce stroke of fate,
From all we love, to all we hate.
Her beauty, woman's sovereign dower,
Transformed, debased, in one short hour :
For gentlest form of female grace,
Distorted limbs, and hideous face ;
For silvery voice of magic spell,
The sea-dog's harsh untiring yell :
And ever thus, unchanged, to be
A monster lone in that cold sea ;
Doomed to live on, and think, and feel
The worst of wounds, which none can heal ;
The worst of griefs, when all is o'er,
To have been blest in days of yore.

Yes! well thine angry waves might foam,
And well the sea-dogs watch thy home ;
Well might thy caves of darkness howl,
Thy beetling crags in vengeance scowl,
Till every seaman sailing by
Implored the aid of destiny
To keep him, in the ocean-storm,
From frightful Scylla's hideous form.

And dost thou weep thy wrongs no more,
Lone sufferer, on Calabria's shore ?

Have the wild waves that beat thy breast,
Lashed all its angry woes to rest ?
Or has the world, which could not heal,
Forget to pity, and to feel ?

Say, is it thus we pass thee by,
With ear unturned, and careless eye ?
Scylla, thou art no more alone—
The world has tired of many a moan ;
And many a sorrow has grown old
Ere half its bitterest pangs were told.

ELIZABETH FRY.

FRIEND of the friendless ! when we think of thee,
Strange feelings rise of human vanity.
Strange—for thy smile of meekness well might chide
Our lowlier claims to glory, and to pride.
Yet 'tis a thought the heart will linger o'er,
To tread with thee our own beloved shore,
To call thy peaceful sect—thy nation—ours,
To share with thee life's sunshine, and its showers.

Friend of the friendless ! ever be thy brow
In its mild majesty serene as now.
Thy voice untiring, with melodious thrill,
To bid all grovelling thoughts of self be still ;
Wakening sublimest hopes of bliss divine,
With noble aims, and purposes like thine ;
Sending the spirit, on the wings of faith,
Through darkest scenes of infamy and death.

Yet soft, and gentle as an angel's wing,
The soothing calm of thy sweet visitings.

Not to the courts of kings, though such might well
Befit thy noble bearing there to dwell ;
Not to the couch of rest, though soft, and kind,
The tender yearning of thy woman's mind ;
Not to the walks of intellectual pride,
Though knowledge there its humbled head might hide ;
But to the prison-hold, the dreary cell,
Thy footsteps turn, where guilt and misery dwell ;
To the lone wretch on restless pillow tossed,
The early doomed—the desolate—the lost—
He whom the world had cast without its pale,
'Tis thine, with ever-cheering voice, to hail ;
To call from deepest shades, to purest light,
Her abject soul, whom none beside invite.

Then pass thou on, along life's troubled ways
Unharm'd, unsullied, with thy Maker's praise
In strains of music ever on thy tongue.
Happiest of woman-kind ! to whom belong
Ascription meet of gratitude, and love,
That one amongst our sisterhood should prove
Before admiring nations, far and near,
How many, Christian charity may cheer !
How much, with humble faith, and purpose true,
The loveliest daughters of our land may do !

CASTRO GIOVANNI, THE ANCIENT ENNA.*

INVOCATION TO CERES.

QUEEN of the golden ocean,
With its waves of standing corn,
Rocked into gentle motion
By the soft breath of morn ;
Queen of the rich vine, bending
Beneath its purple load ;
Queen of all ripe fruits, sending
Their odorous breath abroad.

* “ Castro Giovanni, the ancient Enna, was the chosen residence and seat of the government of Ceres, the daughter of Saturn and Rhea. She has ever been the favourite deity of the Sicilians, who assert that she reigned over their island with wisdom and moderation, instructing her subjects in the method of making bread and wine, the materials for which their country produced spontaneously and in great abundance.”

Queen of the bread that cheereth,
Queen of the wine and oil,
Of the plenty that appeareth
To bless the teeming soil ;
Thine are the pomp and splendour
Which Autumn's glory bears ;
And thine the tints, more tender,
Her fading beauty wears.

Queen of the bounteous measure,
Queen of the fertile land,
Queen of the reaper's pleasure,
As he weaves the golden band ;
Thine are the shouts that call us
To the merry harvest-home ;
Then let no blight befall us
Till the days of harvest come.

Thine were the deep-green meadows,
Each vine-clad hill and dale,
And thine the deeper shadows
Of Enna's flowery vale.
While from each lofty mountain,
Touched by the passing cloud,
From steamlet, and from fountain,
Thy praise perpetual flowed.

Where'er the scented blossom
Perfumed the air around,
Or in the wild flower's bosom
The bee her treasure found—
Thy sovereign sway extended
From crystal sea to sea,
Thy generous care befriended
Thine own sweet Sicily.

And hast thou not a region
Beyond that smiling shore ?
Thy subjects many a legion
Who bow thy throne before ?
Wilt thou not deign to listen
To colder Britain's call ?
Behold ! her blue eyes glisten,
Her tears in secret fall.

Oh ! leave her not forsaken,
Her golden harvests shorn ;
Come back, she yet may waken,
To bless thy plenteous horn.
Her sons are noble-hearted,
Her daughters kind and true ;
Her hopes not all departed,
If thou their faith renew.

Come back !—the land is yearning
For thy smile o'er hill and plain.
The patriot soul is burning
To hail thee once again.
Wake ! wake ! from tower and steeple,
The echoing song of mirth.
Come back ! and make thy people
The happiest upon earth !

THE DYING MOTHER.

MOTHER, the spring's young blossoms
Are blooming in the vale ;
The hawthorn in the meadow
Perfumes the passing gale ;
The lambs—I see them sporting
Beneath the sunbright sky ;
Mother, the spring is lovely,
It is too soon to die.

Mother, my child is sleeping,
Its little heart at rest ;
No thought of coming sorrow
Disturbs its peaceful breast.
Its seems but one short moment
Since first I heard its cry ;
Yet has it learned to know me,
O mother ! must I die ?

Mother, the love that brought me
A bride within this home,

Would last unchanged, and faithful,
For many a day to come.
It ne'er has known a shadow,
Nor cloud across its sky ;
I cannot yield this treasure ;
I am too rich to die.

When autumn winds blow fiercely,
And strip the withered bough ;
When childhood's smile has faded,
And scorn sits on its brow ;
When he who once spoke kindly
Meets me with altered eye ;
Then fare thee well, my mother,
For then I fain would die !

“ Hush ! hush ! ” the mother answered,
Her look was grave but kind ;
“ These are sad thoughts, beloved,
To cross thine anxious mind.
He who in mercy feedeth
The ravens when they cry,
He, only knows the season
Fittest to live, or die.

EARTHQUAKE AT CATANIA.*

FROM misty clouds of early dawn,
The radiant sun shines through,
Refulgent, o'er the glittering scene,
Green earth, and ocean blue.

Wake! wake! for life is young again,
The merry minstrels sing;
Old age hath lost its weariness,
And hope is on the wing.

Wake! wake! The mother folds her babe
In rapture to her breast!
The rich man dons his robe of state,
The poor, his simple vest.

* The Catania of to-day is a modern city, and the finest, without exception, in Sicily. It has frequently been destroyed by the lava-flood of *Ætna*, and, with a sort of infatuation and devotedness, rebuilt. The elephant was the ancient symbol of the Catanians.

With snowy wreath of virgin flowers
The bride adorns her hair ;
Wake ! wake ! for life is young again,
And joy is everywhere.

In stately hall, and lowly cot,
Quick-stirring thoughts begin ;
While busy feet are hastening forth,
And welcome ones come in.

Ambition now sits brooding o'er
Some vision fair and new ;
And Avarice steals, with silent foot,
To count his treasures too.

And Hope is gathering early flowers,
While Love is smiling nigh ;
Or weaving garlands ere they fade,
With many a smile and sigh.

Thus pass the hours from morn to noon ;
When, lo ! the mid-day sun
Grows dim, but yet without a cloud,
Ere half his race is run.

And—hark ! “ My child,” the mother cries,
“ What wakes that foolish fear ?

'Tis but the thunder, rolling far,
It comes not, loved one, here."

Again!—The trembling bride grows pale;
The bridegroom looks to see;
"Fear not," he cries; "there's nought on earth
Would dare to injure thee."

Again—again—and louder still—
The very earth seems tossed.
Dark forests wave upon the land,
Tall vessels on the coast.

And gloomily the clouds of night
Are gathering o'er the deep.
Come forth, come forth, bold mariner,
Thou hast no time to sleep.

Come forth, Old Age, with tottering step,
Thy couch is insecure;
Come forth, a deadlier enemy
Than age is at thy door.

Come forth, Young Bride—the rosy wreath
Is fading on thy brow;
Come forth, fond Mother, with thy babe,
What boots thy fondness now?

And thou, stern Avarice, leave, oh ! leave
That glittering dust of thine ;
Perchance, this very night thou'lt be
Where gold did never shine.

Proud Man of Wealth, whom none have sought
Save for thy lordly state,
Come with the rest. What art thou now ?
Poor, blind, and desolate !

Behold ! thy doom is written on high,
A fearful doom to meet ;
Loud thunder rolls along the sky,
Earth quakes beneath thy feet.

And still that cloud of gathering gloom
Hangs like a deepening pall ;
While lurid lightning shoots across
Its broad and fiery wall.

Hark ! 'tis the deep volcano wakes ;
Its age of slumber past ;
Its voice, ten thousand thunder-peals—
Its breath, the sulphurous blast.

Down, down, the mountain's heaving sides,
Through forests dark and deep,

Through wider wastes of pathless snow,
The streams of lava sweep.

And fearfully that fiery flood
Rolls to the distant vale ;
The sea recoils—the blackening shore
Is heaped with burning hail.

Roll on, roll on—thy giant swell
Leaves neither grass nor grave ;
Thou burning tide without an ebb !
Thou sea without a wave !

TO THE POET WORDSWORTH.

On, hang not on the silent bough
Thy lyre of sweetness yet ;
Sing once again an evening song
Before thy sun shall set.

Sing once again—the listening hills
Wait for thy melody ;
And mournful Echo asks once more
Her favourite strain from thee.

Strike once again with charmed touch
Thy harp, whose magic tone
Could wake from feeling's deepest fount
A music all thine own.

Shines not the sun on Rydall Mount
As brightly as of yore ?
Flows not the stream with silvery swell
Upon as green a shore ?

Roll not the clouds of purple morn
As softly o'er the scene ?
Rise not the mountain-peaks as high,
Those misty waves between ?

Sing not the birds their summer song
As blithely from the brake ?
Glides not the bark at eventide
As smoothly o'er the lake ?

Wave not the woods as glad and green ?
Blooms not the rose as fair ?
Glow not the golden West as bright
When sunset gilds the air ?

Yes, Nature woos thee to her bowers ;
While all unchanged to thee,
She spreads again her choicest flowers,
And asks thy melody.

She asks of thee, " her great high-priest,"
To whom her rites belong,
To wake once more, throughout her realm,
The omnipotence of song.

Then hang not on the silent bough
Thy lyre of sweetness yet,
Sing once again—an evening song
Before thy sun shall set.

CULZEAN CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

BOLD Scotland, there must be some magic about thee,
Which on this side the border we cannot find out ;
Since those who best love thee, can still live without thee,
And wander, and praise thee, the wide world about.

Perchance 'tis thy rocks that are savage and lonely,
As they echo the sound of thy loud-swelling waves.
Ah, no ! for they tell us such music is only
The song of the sea-maid among the wild caves.

Perchance 'tis thy castles that frown o'er the ocean -
All darksome, and drear, as the deep gulf below.
Ah, no ! for they tell us the noblest emotion
Is wakened by watching those waves as they flow.

Then teach us to know what the patriot feeling
Which fires the bold hearts of thy children, may be,
When each from the side of the parent is stealing,
To wander away, over mountain and sea.

We know that the lover deserts not the beauty,
Whose smile to his song all its melody lends ;
Whose service combines all his joy, and his duty,
Whose sorrows he soothes, and whose rights he
defends.

We know that the friend who is fondest, and truest,
Stays longest beside us, when strangers depart ;
That the love that is lightest, the tie that is newest,
Are shaken most easily off from the heart ;—

But thou, bonny Scotland, hast something about thee—
Some strange contradiction to nature's old ways ;
Since thy patriot children can best live without thee,
And love thee, and leave thee, to sing of thy praise.

THE PALACE OF SAÏD PASHA, ON THE BOSPHORUS.

BIRD of the gilded cage, thy heart is beating
To hear the stir of that gay world below,
Where busy throngs in lively groups are meeting,
And light barques come and go,
And swift the rapids flow,
With dancing light the brighter sunbeams greeting.

Bird of the gilded cage, the scent of flowers
Comes floating through thy lattice-window faint,
Bringing sweet tidings of thine early hours ;
While memory comes to paint
All thou hast lost by tyranny's restraint—
All thou didst once enjoy in thine own sunny bowers.

Hark ! 'tis the dash of busy oars thou hearest.
Hark ! 'tis the ripple of the foaming tide.
Hush thee to rest ; a jewelled wreath thou wearest,
Thou art a sultan's bride,

Nursed in his halls of pride,
His slaves are at thy side,
What ails thee that a brow of gloom thou wearest
His throne beside ?

Rose-tints around thy palace-home are glowing ;
Azure and gold adorn its courts within ;
Airs of soft perfume o'er thy cheek are blowing ;
Gauzy, and light, and thin,
Letting the sunshine in,
Curtains of costly silk around thy couch are flowing.

Art thou not blest ?—" Oh, give me but the motion
Of the wild bird along the pathless sky ;
A steed on shore, a barque upon the ocean,
A wing, that I might fly,
An oar, that I might try
To lull myself to rest, or die !
For I am weary of this wild emotion,
These tears, that cannot buy
One hour of liberty—
This yearning of the soul—Nature's own true devotion !"

A SONG OF HOME.

WE once had a home, where the sweet roses grew,
Where clouds never gathered, nor stormy winds blew,
Where blithe birds of summer in safety could sing,
And fold, with the nightfall, their soft, brooding wing.

Oh, bright was that home when the spring-time re-
turned !

But brighter than all when the evening fire burned ;
When snow fell around us, and comfort within,
Told the time when the pleasures of winter begin.

When the laugh, and the jest, and the innocent song,
Made music of happiness all the day long ;
While the warm sunny welcomes of morning and night,
Turned duty to pastime, and love to delight.

Yes, those are the days that we weep as we sing,
That no spring-time returning, nor summer can bring ;
When our father came home with a smile on his brow,
And the kindest of mothers—Ah ! where are they now ?

Cold, cold is the hearth where our evening fire burned !
With sorrowful hearts from that scene have we turned ;
For father and mother are peacefully laid
Where the elm and the yew-tree are blending their
shade.

And now when we call them, they hear us no more ;
Though we kneel on their graves, and their pity implore.
Unheeded we wander, and friendless we roam,
To tell to the stranger we once had a home.

D A M A S C U S .

CITY of gardens ! where the Prophet stood,
Watching thy splendour, listening to thy mirth,
One Heaven he owned, where grief should ne'er intrude,
"But this," he cried, "is Paradise on earth !"

Therefore he dared not enter ; but drew back,
Ere yet bewildered by that glorious sight ;
And turning to the Desert's gloomy track,
Made sure his safety, by his timely flight.

Not thus the sons of wealth, whose golden dreams
Scarce less alluring than thy luxuries are :
Whom thy green terraces, and sparkling streams,
And glittering minarets, invite from far.

They come—the Arab on his bounding steed ;
From distant heights, the way-worn muleteer ;
Here rests the traveller, from all danger freed ;
And the slow camel yields her burden here.

Beneath the arches of that lofty Khan,

Where sends the fountain forth its sparkling spray,
Behold how commerce wrings from lordly man
The sordid friendship of a single day !

They bring their varied stores from East and West,
Rich cloth-of-gold, and floating gossamer ;
From Southern climes the loose embroidered vest :
And from the colder North, its downy fur.

Here many a flower of curious fabric blooms
On Indian scarf, and silk of Persian dye ;
While velvet, smooth, wrought in Italian looms,
Mocks the bright azure of her cloudless sky.

And Britain too, her generous hand extends,
Full from the produce of her children's toil ;
Rich in the wealth which ceaseless labour lends,
Despite the partial sun that gilds her soil.

They come from distant shores, with every hue
Of varying clime—they come o'er land and wave,
Adventurous youth, and age whose steps are few
Between his hoarded treasure and his grave.

All here united by one common tie
Welcome alike, and free to stay or go,

On couch of slumber undisturbed to lie,
Or sit where cooling waters sweetly flow.

With social glee they count their perils o'er,
Each bound to each by mutual hope of gain ;
Strangers who never met on earth before,
And those who haply ne'er shall meet again.

Such is the brotherhood of interest. Such
The social fellowship of man with man ;
Hearts which no power but love of gold could touch,
Unite at once in purpose and in plan.

SUCH IS LIFE.

ONE still summer's evening I wandered alone,
Before the dim shadows of twilight came on,
To mark the deep sunset, and gaze o'er the main,
And watch the white sails I might ne'er see again.

I looked to the ocean, the earth, and the sky,
No wave broke beneath me, no cloud sailed on high ;
All was silent and calm, not a zephyr blew o'er
The wide waste of waters that slept on the shore.

A vessel moved slowly along the blue wave ;
Her sails to the night-wind she fearlessly gave ;
They filled with the breath that was silent to me,
And then a proud spirit that bark seemed to be.

" Is such then the life we are born to ! " I cried,
" That man may go forth in his glory and pride,
And make the winds rise at his bidding, and blow
For the port he is bound to, where'er he may go ? "

I saw the same bark on a different shore,
The skies were o'ercast, and the calm was no more ;
She was dashing along with the foam and the wind,
The wild rocks before her, a fierce foe behind.

The far-booming knell of the cannon was sounding,
From sea-cave to headland its echoes rebounding ;
On, on ! 'Tis for life or for death that she goes,
'Mid the surge of the wave, and the fire of her foes.

They passed like a dream ; and when eventide came,
A wreck floated near me—that bark was the same :
The same gallant vessel, now shattered and lone,
Her stately mast broken, her proud pennon gone.

“If such be a picture of life,” I exclaimed,
“May my course be more gentle, my spirit more tamed ;
There are dangers enough on the voyage of life,
Without the fierce tumult of envy and strife.”

CHAPEL AT BETHLEHEM.

BREATHE not a thought, nor let a sound be heard !

Within the hallowed precincts of that scene
Feeling is mute, and language hath no word
Meet for the memory of what hath been.

Beneath that ancient roof, whose rafters old,
Fixed in the massive rock, all roughly hewn,*

* "Descending thirteen stone steps, we were in the place that was formerly the stable where the Redeemer lay. There is no violation of consistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of a rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains ; the roof is as nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps continually burn, is erected over the place where Christ was born ; and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. The glory, of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription . "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Alone, in the stillness of evening, in this indelible scene, what memories steal upon the thoughts ! What immortal hopes ! But for the event in this simple and rock-hewn grotto, how dark would have been our way, how despairing its close !"

Suit better with that spot than lamps of gold,
Or marble floor with costly incense strewn.

Breathe not a thought—not even the voice of prayer,
Deep though it be, and fervent as sincere,
Should break the solemn stillness of the air,
Or wake the faintest echo slumbering here.

Prayer may be silent. Cease not then to pray,
But gaze, and meditate, with awe profound.
Behold the spot where thy Redeemer lay !
Where wise men bowed their heads, and knelt around.

There bent the lowly matron o'er her child,
Human alike in suffering and in love.
Her simple faith all anxious fear beguiled,
Bearing her spirit every care above.

No page hath record that a natural pride
Rose with prophetic triumph to her brow ;
Softly she pressed her infant to her side,
A mother's feeling all she seemed to know,

Save that she trusted. That was human too,
For still we trust, though rarely trust in Heaven.
A faith more firm, and steadfast, Mary knew,
An angel's voice that confidence had given.

And shall we doubt, when He who slumbered there,
In the low manger, like a peasant's child,
Bursting the bonds of earth, ascended where
The Father's glory on the Son had smiled?

Cease, then, that suppliant posture ; kneel no more ;
'Tis common ground whereon thou standest now.
Heaven has unbarr'd its everlasting door,
Around the King of Glory angels bow.

'Tis done. The sacrifice is all complete ;
The message of his Father's love is given.
Bow then—but only at thy Saviour's feet ;
And worship—only with thy face toward Heaven.

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

FRIEND of my youth, we oft have roamed together
At early dawn ;
Sporting, through many an hour of sunny weather,
O'er field and lawn.

Light was thy step, when bounding in thy beauty
With matchless grace,
Thou madest pleasant pastime of thy duty,
First in the chase.

Bright eyes were there to gaze upon thy fleetness ;
And words of praise,
From rosy lips whose very breath was sweetness,
In thy young days.

Where are they now—those happy friends, admiring
That sport, and thee ?
Am I the only one unchanged, untiring,
Thy friend to be ?

They're gone again o'er many a verdant meadow,
With hawk and hound,
Tracing in joyous mood the wild bird's shadow
O'er the same ground.

They're gone ; and thou and I are left together,
Our truth to try.
But heed them not ; we have the same bright weather—
The same blue sky.

Heed not the echo of the wild steed prancing
O'er yonder hill ;
Nor start. 'Tis but the leaves and sunbeams dancing ;
Rest, and be still.

Rest ; for thy day of youthful sport is over,
Why then repine ?
If, when no more through woods and fields a rover,
Such rest be thine.

If, when thy bounding step would soon be weary,
Thy strength would fail,
I call thee here, to comfort, and to cheer thee,
In this green vale.

If, when old age has laid his icy finger
Upon thy breast,

And thou, neglected and alone, might'st linger
Behind the rest ;

I bid thee come, in tones as kind as ever,
Close to my side ;
And hold thee with a love no time can sever
Whate'er betide.

Art thou not grateful for my fond caressing,
Friend of my youth ?
Yes ; in thine eye there is a look, expressing
Deep feeling's truth.

Friend of my youth, the day may soon be coming
When I shall be
Weary, and lone, and all unfit for roaming,
And left like thee.

Will then some faithful heart to mine united
In life's first stage,
Keep the fond memory of the love we plighted
Warm in old age ?

HÉLENE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

How beautiful the cheek of youth,
When virtue gilds its bloom !
And lovely is the lip of truth,
Whence tones of kindness come.

But if with these, illustrious birth,
A princely house and name,
Have given to both a nobler worth,
And made their glory, fame—

With mingled pleasure and surprise,
The picture bright we see,
And thus our fond admiring eyes,
Fair Princess, turn to thee.

They turn ; but ere the picture fair
In all its bloom appears,
A sable pall—a cloud is there—
A mist of gathering tears.

One fatal hour thy doom has sealed,
Though sheltered near a throne ;
One word thy grief has all revealed—
A woman, and—*alone*.*

Yet, fear not thou the tempest-shock ;
Thy gentle spirit bears
A faith unshaken as the rock,
A rest from all thy cares.

Then weep, for natural tears must start,
And tenderest grief must flow ;
But bind that breastplate to thy heart,
'Twill need its solace now.

* "About a month after the decease of her august husband, the Duchess visited the Palace of the Tuileries, and desired to be left alone in the private apartments of the Duke, in the Pavilion Martan. After having been there half an hour, the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, her mother, who had accompanied her to the Tuileries, hearing her heart-rending sobs, entered the apartment. She found the Duchess leaning upon the desk where the Duke used to write, embracing it, and bathing it with her tears."

THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

VAIN task is his, child of the mimic art,
His skill to teach, his genius to impart ;
To others eyes th' ethereal light to give
Which makes his own creations breathe and live.

See where he points to some familiar spot ;
The Turk beholds, but understands it not.
No wondering gazers, come to peer and scan,
See more than folly in that curious plan ;
See more than labour, profitless—unpaid—
In all that mystery of light and shade.
“ What boots it thus,” they murmur as they gaze,
“ To waste the sunshine of life's golden days ?
“ Why wandering, toiling still, though Pleasure calls,
“ And Luxury woos thee to her idle halls,
“ Where thoughts of bliss, like one continuous rill,
“ With dreamy rapture thy soft hours may fill ?”

And is this life?—to waste in dreams away,
Shut in from sunshine—shrouded from the day,

Prisoned in gay saloon, or stately hall,
Where richest marble decks the sculptured wall?
Say is this life?—for not the Turk alone
Lives in a world to Nature scarcely known;
Thousands on thousands throng our peopled ways,
With voices never taught to sing her praise,
Nor eyes to see her beauty. Life to them
Is one long strife the downward tide to stem
Of ever threatening, ever grinding loss—
Loss of the world's esteem, or Mammon's cankering
dross.

Tell us ye sons of wealth—of commerce tell,
Live ye for this alone?—to buy and sell?
To count the profits of each passing day,
Then sleep, and dream how much remains to pay?—
Oh! libel not the ETERNAL thus, nor hold
That such is life—a weary thirst for gold!
Toil without rest, and never-ending strife
For that which brings no joy. Can such be life?
No: look into the human soul, and see
Its vacant room, where glorious thoughts should be—
Thoughts of the beautiful, the just, the true,
Fresh as the morn, when summer skies are blue,
Untiring, endless, full of new delight,
For ever rising—never at their height.

RETURNING HOME.

SUMMER gales were gently blowing,
Sunshine smiled on sea and land,
While the foamy tide was flowing
Far upon the sparkling sand.

Restless feet were seen to wander,
To and fro along that shore ;
Tones were heard both deep and tender,
Hopes and memories counting o'er.

There were thoughts of rapture, turning
To one hour of promised joy ;
And a mother's heart was yearning,
Fondly for her sailor boy.

Yet there passed a cloud of sadness,
Sometimes o'er that sunny scene ;
While the exulting tone of gladness
Sunk as if it ne'er had been.

“Mother,” said a voice of sorrow,
“He may come with wealth and fame,
He may come—perchance to-morrow,
But—will he return the same?”

Then the mother’s voice too faltered ;
Yet she smiled, and strove to say,
“Summer birds come back unaltered,
Singing still the self-same lay.”

Thus they mused ; while each was catching
Glimpses of a distant sail,
More and more intently watching,
Trembling, lest their hope should fail.

No. The welcome shout is sounding !
See the flag is floating wide !
While the gallant bark is bounding,
Swiftly o’er the sweeping tide.

Now she comes, and now retreating,
Still she sports with wind and wave ;
Still delays the hour of meeting,
Though the well-known signals wave.

Who is he, whose step advancing
Foremost on the vessel’s prow,

With his eagle-eye is glancing,
While the foam beats on his brow ?

Once that cheek was bright with beauty,
And that brow was free from stain ;
Many a night of anxious duty,
Has the sailor known since then.

Many a cloud has burst above him,
Many a storm has left its trace,
Since the faithful hearts that love him,
Felt his long, his last embrace.

Is he changed ? his locks of brightness
Once in golden ringlets grew ;
Once with youthful step of lightness,
Like a mountain-deer he flew.

Is he changed ? He sees his mother,
Who that bounding step shall tame ?
To his home, the son—the brother—
Tried and true, returns the same.

FERDINAND-PHILIPPE, DUKE OF ORLEANS.*

DEATH, thou art fearful in thy gentlest form ;
Thy touch how cold ! to youth and manhood warm ;
Thy voice how stern ! when children clasp their sire ;
When grief, transfixed, behold the loved expire.
Yes ! thou art fearful, though but one should stand
To hold, with weeping faith, the clay-cold hand.
Fearful, when fell disease has worked its will,
And lingering pain delays the hour to kill ;
Even then we shrink before thy withering eye,
And cry, " Destroying Angel, pass thou by ! "

* On the 13th of July, 1842, the Duke of Orleans, intending to join the Duchess, then at Plombières for the benefit of her health, entered his private carriage at noon, for the purpose of proceeding to Neuilly, to take leave of his august parents. On the road, the horses became unmanageable, and the Prince attempting to stand up, was thrown out of the carriage. Medical aid was vain ; in the course of the afternoon, he died in the arms of his King and Father, who, at the last moment, pressed his lips on the forehead of his lost child, hallowed by the tears of his afflicted mother, and the sobs and lamentations of the whole of his family.

But, oh ! when thousand ties unite in one,
Father and husband, brother, friend, and son,
Prince of a royal line—thy nation's pride,
Idol of those who never left thy side ;
In the full bloom of manhood, and of health,
Glorious in lineage—rich in nature's wealth—
When Death to thee his awful summons brought,
Who would not then a day—an hour—have bought?—
Bought even with tears, to mitigate thy doom,
And smooth thy passage to the dreary tomb,
But, no : thy form a lifeless ruin lay,
And they who mourned thee most, could only weep and
pray.

MISTRA, NEAR SPARTA, GREECE.

“WHO will avenge me of mine enemy?
Hath ever been the human sufferer's cry.
Who will avenge? Hath justice lost her sway?
Shall weak men rule, and noble hearts obey?
Who will avenge? Shall innocence borne down,
Sink in the dust, while guilt assumes a crown?
Who will avenge? Shall rank oppression reign,
And none the invaded rights of man maintain?
Shall gorgeous pride exult in borrowed gold,
And injured merit bear her wrongs untold?

Will none avenge? Fear not. He comes—he comes!
The great avenger; even within our homes,
Around our hearth he waves his wing of care,
And fans the ashes ever whitening there.
He comes—the faintest shadow tells his tread;
Mid golden hair, one single silvery thread;
One line, scarce touched, upon the youthful brow;
One faded rose where crimson used to glow.

He comes with purple morn, and evening's cloud,
With spring's pale flowers, and winter's paler shroud.
He comes with blight upon the cedar tall,
He comes with moss along the stately wall,
And scattering dust upon the marble pure,
Plants there his footstep, silent and secure.
Time will at last the uplifted arm bring down ;
Time will rend off the tyrant's borrowed crown ;
Time will avenge the feeble suppliant's cries.
And force hot tears from unrelenting eyes.
Wait but a year—a month—perchance a day—
And those who mocked at other's prayers, will pray.
Wait till to-morrow's sun is in the sky ;
And he who laughed at death, himself may die.

Thus at thy foot, thou giant mountain gray,
In cave of horror, hid from light of day,
Condemned, unmourned, by Spartan laws to die,
Woke the faint moan of helpless infancy.
And gentlest things, whose very feebleness
Asked more of woman's love, to guide and bless,
Were cast away, like common weeds too rife,
Spurned by the bosoms which had given them life.

Who shall avenge ? Behold, the very hands
Which thinned these flowers from out the household
bands,

Outstretched, and powerless, by the warrior's side,
In vain would staunch his lifeblood's ebbing tide.

Immortal Sparta ! well hath sped thy call
For Time's true vengeance, dealt alike to all.
Where art thou ? From the goatherd's lonely cell
Comes forth this mournful answer, "None can tell,"
Save by the record history bears of thee,
Nurse of the brave, and city of the free !

Immortal Sparta ! 'twas no common doom
Which left not for thy fallen pride a tomb.
'Twas not the withering wing of Time, which shed
The dust of ages o'er thine honoured head ;
But hands irreverent came, and strangers tore
Thy very pavement from each mouldering floor ;
And bore in triumph to the neighbouring hill
The scattered fragments at their wanton will ;
There reared a pile—another, yet the same ;
And called thy ruins by a different name.

But time rolls on, and o'er the hoary brow
Of old Taygetus many a winter's snow
Hath fallen deep, and summer's heat hath sent
The swollen torrent down in swift descent ;
Yet Time the Avenger, comes at last, and, lo !

Ruin of ruins—Mistra too lies low !
Mistra that stood on high, Laconia's lord,
Ravaged, and wasted by the Albanian sword,
Devoured by fire, where rapine might have spared ;
Thus Time's true vengeance all alike have shared.

VILLAGE IN ROUMELIA.*

CAN this be real ? I have dreamed
A thousand times of such a scene,
Its very light and shade has seemed
As bright, as deep, as far between.

Can this be real ? I have gone
Up step by step to such a height ;
Threading the mazy path alone,
And gazing round with wild delight.

Can this be real ? I have seen
Around me many a roof-crowned hill,
When pictured in my dream has been
That shadowy distance, soft and still.

* "These village-crowned peaks are called, both here, and in the neighbouring country of Macedon, ' Meteors,' or ' appearances in the air.' They are usually chosen as the site of Greek convents, and sometimes ascended by a basket let down with cords, in which the visitor is drawn up."

O blessed art ! which thus can give,
By tints to Nature's self how true ;
The forms of fancy's realm to live,
Transfixed before our wondering view.

Thus, scarce a page on Memory's book,
But Time hath swept the record o'er ;
Yet thou canst make the future look
As bright—as real—as before.

'Tis said thine is a mimic power—
A magic art—a false design—
But far more lasting than the flower
Are all those lovely tints of thine.

And let the constant bosom strive
With fickle fate and friends estranged,
'Tis in our pictures that we live,
And there alone—we live unchanged.

THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.*

THERE are who laugh to hear of truth,
Told by a human face,
Who hold that vice, with purpose vile,
Can smile with virtue's grace ;

Who say that clear unsullied look
Where generous feeling dwells,
May beam as well when selfishness
Its tale of falsehood tells ;

Yet surely that soft look of thine,
Thou fair and gentle Queen,
Might shake the disbeliever's doubt,
And make him trust again.

* "The Queen of the French was the daughter of that king of Naples who was driven from his continental dominions by the French, and took refuge, with his court and family, in Sicily. Here the king, Louis Philippe, then poor and in exile, married her; and the match is understood to be one of affection on both sides, and never has true affection been better rewarded."

For how couldst thou have dwelt beneath
A mean, dishonoured roof,
With such an air, and such a mien,
Thy regal title's proof?

Nor these alone, but loftier still,
A heart by nature taught
To seek the bold adventurer's lot,
And share his troubled thought ;

To own him for a prince, and lord,
When in the world alone
He scarcely held a spot of earth,
Or called a roof his own.

And well thy title hast thou won
To share his splendour now ;
To wear the wreath of royalty
Upon thine honoured brow.

But deeper still, to woman's heart,
And holier far, to feel,
Thou hast a charmed life to guard,
Alike in wo and weal.

For oft has woke the traitorous thought,
And oft has sped the ball ;

Yet Heaven has kept that royal breast
Secure and safe from all.

And still thy love that murd'rous aim
Would gently turn away ;
And still thy prayers his life would shield :
Then cease thou not to pray.

THE CASTLE OF SCHÖNBERG,*

ON THE RHINE.

TELL to the winds thy sorrowing tale,
Thou castle stern and strong !
Tell to the peasants in the vale,
Singing their happy song ;
Tell to the silent barques that past thee sail,

* " The suburb and vicinity of Oberwesel abound in romantic glens, winding through steep hills that form the majestic embankments of the Rhine. In these deep solitudes, however, the lasting happiness which the humbler classes enjoy, while all traces of the more elevated have fallen away or become extinct, is most strikingly marked. The happy cottage that lends a cheerful character to the valley, is still tenanted by a race, happy, humble, and perhaps, thoughtless ; everything around them is probably unchanged during centuries of time ; while the towers of Prince Schönberg are empty, flouted by the breeze, and giving back only sounds as hollow as the phantom, Glory, which its brave owner so fatally pursued till he met his death in the sanguinary battle of the Boyne."

Tell the waters rippling as they flow,
 Thy mournful story
 Of ancient glory,
What pomp, what power, it once was thine to know.

Tell of thy hosts with trumpet sound,
 Tell of thy princely cheer,
Tell of thy foes that girt thee round,
 Thy vassals far and near ;
Tell of thy dungeons fearfully profound,
 For such thy boast was in the olden time ;
 Thy wreath of glory,
 Thou castle hoary,
Was that which decked thee in thine early prime.

Tell of the change that time has wrought,
 The dust upon thy walls,
Tell of the echo tempest-taught,
 Peopling thy halls ;
Tell how the outcast from the world has sought
 A home amidst thy ruins, vast and lone ;
 While the wolf-dog only
 Wild and lonely,
Guarded thy chambers with his piteous moan,
And the laughing peasant will answer thee,
 As he weaves the vintage wreath,

“Castle of pride!” the penalty

“Paid by pride is death.”

The boatman too will rest his oar to see

The desolation of thy slow decay ;

Then dashing away

The silver spray,

Will glide again upon his watery way.

And none shall pity, thou ancient pile!

The fate that falls on thee.

For the valleys are bright with their summer smile,

And merry with songs of glee ;

And Nature still, as fruitful, and as free,

As in the olden time—unchanging yet ;

With verdant bowers,

Of fairest flowers,

Shall still bloom on when thy last sun has set.

ONE HOUR OF JOY.

ONE hour of joy !—how fleetly
That hour will glide away !
Hark to the dance ! how sweetly
The merry minstrels play !

Then bind her brow with roses,
Less brilliant in their hue,
Than the cheek where health reposes,
And smiles are ever new.

And let the diamond glisten
Amongst her shining hair ;
Hark to the dancers !—listen !
Her step will soon be there.

But watch that step returning,
And watch that weary eye,
When the lamps are dimly burning,
And daylight gilds the sky ;

And ask her on the morrow,
What thoughts her breast employ !
Whether an age of sorrow,
Or one short hour of joy ?

P A R G A , A L B A N I A .

THERE is no human mind, however dull,
There is no human heart, however cold,
But hath some vision of the beautiful,
Some dream of Paradise, perchance untold.

And ever, as the weary hours drag on,
And we grow tired of tumult and of strife,
We seek some pleasant shore to rest upon,
Far from the dull realities of life.

But not the dreamer, in his happiest flight,
When fancy-borne to many a distant land,
Could find a spot of earth more sunny-bright,
Than that fair Eden on Albania's strand.

For there the olive poured her richest oil,
The peaceful shepherd guarded well his flock,
The teeming land repaid the peasant's toil,
And the glad vine hung clustering o'er the rock.

Nor these alone; but as one Christian band
The old inhabitants of Parga dwelt;
Bound by one hope, united hand to hand,
At the same shrine, with blended prayers they knelt.

Nor could the tyrant quench the patriot fire
That burned within their bosoms, bold and true;
Envious he watched them, and, with threatenings dire,
Around their walls beleaguering armies drew.*

* The little fruitful, and once independent district of Parga, is said to have been, for the space of twenty years, the object of envy and hostility to the ambitious Ali Pasha, who hated it the more, that the compassionate citizens of Parga had so often opened their gates to fugitives escaping from the oppression of his tyranny. Amongst the different negotiations which took place between the French, the English, and the Turkish governments, when the Ionian Islands were ceded to the English, the Pargiotes, who had ever been remarkable as holding themselves distinct from the robbers and pirates by whom they were surrounded, gladly embraced the opportunity of placing themselves under the protection of the British flag, little suspecting that they were afterwards to be sold to their old and bitter enemy, the Turk. On refusing to remain in their native town, after this disgraceful transaction had placed them in the power of so implacable a foe, they were offered an asylum in the island of Corfu; and were found, when the British frigate arrived to convey them thither, disinterring the bones of their ancestors, and burning them on one vast funeral pile; after which melancholy rite, they slowly descended to the shore, some bearing the ashes of their dead, and others grasping portions of that soil which had ever been so dear to their patriot hearts.

But nothing moved them—dauntless, firm, and free,
Those children of the rock-bound citadel
Drove back the Turkish hordes by land and sea,
Their tale of insult and defeat to tell.

Years pass ; and such this world's unceasing strife—
The chance of war—the triumph of the strong—
That nations traffic in the sale of life,
And Parga's lands to distant powers belong.

To whom ? To England!—Was there not a thrill
Ran through each patriot bosom at the word ?
England the claims of justice would fulfil,
And guard their Eden with her flaming sword !

Fearless they hail her flag upon their seas,
A generous foe—perchance, a generous friend ;
But something whispers in the passing breeze,
That all too soon this flattering hope must end.

Too soon, alas ! the guilty tale is told,
From hearth to hearth the cruel tidings fly,
England that blooming Paradise has sold
To the fierce Turk, and Parga now may die !

Yes, die ; for Desolation reigns among
The silence of her lately peopled streets ;

Not one remains of all that patriot throng,
Nor youth, nor age, the Turkish plunderer meets—

Living nor dead ; for ere they leave that spot,
One sacred duty claims the general care ;
The lost, who sleep—the loved—are they forgot ?—
Shall they be left alone dishonoured there ?

No, let the grave give up those relics dear ;
Raise higher yet the vast consuming pile ;
Behold ! what love is in the burning tear
That dims the silent watcher's eye the while !

'Tis the last rite—and all is finished now ;
Let the destroyer wreak his vengeful will.
A melancholy band, and drooping low,
They pass, descending from the vine-clad hill.

Never again to taste the oil or wine
Of that rich land, or pluck its early flowers ;
Never again, when summer suns may shine,
To meet rejoicing in its blooming bowers.

Onward they pass ; but, stooping to the earth,
Ere yet their feet have touched the crystal waves,
They kiss the joyous land that gave them birth,
The land that should have given them peaceful
graves.

Self-exiled, o'er the waters wide they go,
Turning, with many a farewell look, to see
How the proud banner of the exulting foe
Waves on their walls, and floats above the sea.

Self-exiled, far away they seek their home,
What reck they where—in distant woods or caves ;
The world is wide—and wheresoe'er they roam,
They are not now—they never could be, slaves !

POUISSIN'S HOLY FAMILY.

And the Child grew—Oh! could we know the rest!
The secrets locked in that maternal breast!
How those pure eyes first gazed upon the light,
What objects met that gaze—the fair?—the bright?
When first appeared upon his beaming face
Mysterious beauty touched with heavenly grace;
How the first ray of wisdom from above
Shone o'er that brow where all was peace and love.
How circling round the infant Saviour's bed,
Angels kept watch beside his hallowed head.
How the faint murmur of his gentle voice
Grew into language; when his earliest choice
Was made betwixt the evil and the good;
How one so pure, things evil understood?
Gentlest of women, Mary mother, say,
How fell the light upon his early way:
How burst the truth, by inspiration taught,
From his young lips, ere yet matured by thought?

Strange, idle questioning. The far-off past
Hath buried all that was not meant to last.
Yet lives there not, within the sacred page,
Enough the heart's deep interest to engage?
Strange contradiction!—thirst to know the unknown,
Neglect of that which has been clearly shown.
Skilled in the lore of non-essential things,
Deaf to the wisdom that salvation brings,
We build ourselves a pathway to the skies,
For ever learning, and yet never wise.

THE SNOWY HILLS, HIMALAYA.

EARTH, thou hast thy mighty billows,
Like the ocean when at war ;
Save that on thy snowy pillows,
Silence slumbers wide and far.

Who can think, without emotion,
Of that day's chaotic strife,
When thy waves in wild commotion,
Lashed the untrodden shores of life ?

When there was no ear to hear them,
Scattering thunder where they fell ;
And no human heart to fear them,
Eye to watch, or tongue to tell.

Lonely in their giant raging—
Lonely, for there was no soul ;

World of matter fiercely waging
Mighty war from pole to pole.

Hark ! a voice is on the mountain !
See ! a spirit walks the deep !
“ Rush of matter, cease thy fountain ;
“ Waves of earth, be still, and sleep.”

On the hills of chaos heaving,
Instant as the lightning's flame,
Sped that voice, the billows cleaving,
Fixed—eternally the same !

Hence the hoary rock suspended,
Hence the chasm yawning wide,
Elements opposed, yet blended,
Jarring atoms side by side.

Not as man's frail power had mixed them,
Side by side, and jarring still ;
God alone could thus have fixed them,
By one effort of his will.

Beauty o'er the whole victorious,
Conquering rudest forms of clay ;
Valley green, and mountain glorious,
Distance melting far away ;

Floods of light and splendour pouring,
O'er the vast and varied scene ;
Who can gaze without adoring,
Where the steps of God have been ?

LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

Love's early dream has music
In the tale it loves to tell ;
Love's early dream has roses
Where it delights to dwell ;
It has beauty in its landscape,
And verdure in its trees,
Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
Upon its crystal lake,
Where stormy tempest never blows
Nor angry billows break ;
It has splendour in its sunshine,
And freshness in its dew,
And all its scenes of happiness
Are beautiful, and—*true* ?

Love's early dream has kindness
In every look and tone ;

Love's early dream has tenderness
For one, and one alone.
It has melody of language,
And harmony of thought,
And knows no sound of dissonance
By ruder science taught.

Oh! early dream of happiness,
Where is thy waking bliss?
What brings thy golden promises
To such a world as this?
Perchance thou art some shadow
Of that which is to come—
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
To lead the wanderer home.

THE CASTLE OF THURMBERG, ON THE RHINE.*

LONELY, in his highest tower,
Where the setting sunbeams play,
Musing through the twilight hour,
Sate a warrior stern and gray.

* Two castles, nearly opposite each other, lodged two opposing chiefs, between whom a mortal feud arose, allegorized and recorded by the soubriquets, then given to their rocky fortresses, of "*Cat and Mouse*;" the Mouse, however, is considerably superior in extent, inaccessibility, and military strength, to its rival.

Sir Kuno von Falkenstein, "a saint and a soldier," had acquired such an unenviable notoriety by the severity of his government, that many plots were laid against his life by his rebellious subjects. On one occasion he was suddenly surrounded by a band of assassins who lay in ambush to intercept him ; but he cut his way through their ranks, when the fleetness of his steed frustrated his pursuers. On another, finding his castle beleaguered, he leaped from his chamber window to the ramparts of the outer wall, slew the sentinel, and escaped unhurt. It was after this last incident that he fortified Thurmberg, and, retiring within its massive walls, there calmly closed his eventful life.

Thoughts were in his bosom then,
 Troubled thoughts of blood and strife,
Thoughts of dead and dying men,
 Of his past and present life.

Deeds of vengeance dared and done,
 Battle fierce, and rapine wild,
Race of slaughter soon begun—
 These had marked him from a child.

Who shall still the tempest now,
 Raging in the warrior's soul ?
Who shall calm his rugged brow,
 And his troubled thoughts control ?

Hark ! it is the evening bell,
 Echoing through the mountain-vale ;
Hark ! it is the rippling swell
 Where the laden barges sail.

Silence follows—deep, and still ;
 Slower yet the barges glide ;
Silence on the shadowy hill,
 Silence on the silvery tide.

Silence, where the village hum
 Lately swelled upon the breeze ;

All is hushed, and scarcely come
Whisperings from the leafy trees.

All is hushed ; yet from afar
Even that very silence speaks ;
Louder than the din of war,
On the listening ear it breaks.

“ Man of blood ! thy race is run,
“ Cruel race of war and strife ;
“ Is the battle lost or won ?
“ Hast thou conquered death, or life ?

“ Lay thy shining helmet down,
“ Let the rust be on thy blade ;
“ Thou must win a holier crown,
“ Ere thy peace with Heaven is made.

“ Man of blood ! the evening-close
“ Darkens o'er thy shadowy way ;
“ Hasten then to seek repose,
“ Kneel upon thy grave, and pray.”

H A P P Y D A Y S .

Oh ! happy were the days,
The gleaming days of old,
When the sun's unclouded rays
Shone o'er the fields of gold ;
When the merry harvest laughed
Beneath the reaper's smile ;
And the foaming bowl was quaffed
To cheer his heart the while.

And childhood gathered flowers,
While the maiden's jocund song
Told how the sunny hours
So lightly danced along ;
And we were blithe and gay,
Sweet sister of my youth.
How have they passed away,
Those days of love and truth !

What have they left behind,
But the furrowed brow of age !—

But thoughts perchance less kind,
And griefs that none assuage !
Would we not give the gold,
The fame that years have bought,
For the gleanings days of old,
And the happy dreams they brought ?

THE ORPHAN WANDERERS.

GENTLE lady, good and happy,
Hear my simple tale, I pray ;
'Tis the sad, sad truth, I tell you,
Send us not so soon away.

'Tis a tale of sin and sorrow,
Harder hearts than yours to melt ;
May your children, gentle lady,
Never feel what we have felt.

Chide us not, nor call us idle ;
True, we have no task to do,
But, how gladly would we labour,
Might we only work for you.

Once we had a home of plenty,
Once we knew a father's care,
Once a mother's fond affection
Breathed for us the nightly prayer.

Now we wander, lost, and lonely,
Over many a weary mile ;
Gloomy night comes gathering round us,
But we find no mother's smile.

Once our name was not the meanest,
Cheerful toil and wholesome fare
Made my father proud and happy,
Soothed my mother's daily care.

Forward then were all to serve us,
Friends were true, and neighbours kind,
Little did we then believe them
Fickle as the changing wind.

Near our dwelling bloomed a garden
Rich with fruit, and gay with flowers ;
From our window we could listen
To the birds among the bowers.

There were spreading all around us
Streets and houses, wide and new :
Last of all, the ground was purchased
Where this lovely garden grew.

Stately walls then rose beside us,
Windows like some palace gay,

Folding-doors that gently opened,
Tempting all who passed to stay.

“Go not near that house, my children,”
Oft our father gravely said.
“’Tis no place for you to enter,
Want and shame that threshold tread.”

Yet he spoke of lofty ceilings,
Gilded lamps, and spacious halls—
Often spoke, as if he lingered
All too near those stately walls.

Then there came a gloomy winter,
Trade was bad, and wages low,
Dark December rains were falling
Over heaps of melting snow.

One sad evening—never, never
Can that evening be forgot ;
Something came across our father,
Anger—grief—we knew not what :

But he spoke—oh, how unkindly !
And our gentle mother too
Answered with unwonted sharpness,
Till a fearful conflict grew.

All the words they said were idle ;
But they answered louder—higher—
And the tone—the look—the manner
Made them seem like words of fire.

Last of all my father left us,
Fiercely flinging back the door ;
While my mother, broken-hearted,
Wept, till she could weep no more.

Morning came ; we knew not whether
He returned at dead of night ;
But we saw him strangely altered,
Oh, it was a fearful sight !

From that time his mind seemed wandering,
And his manly look was gone ;
Sometimes kind, and sometimes fretful,
Constant to one vice alone.

Constant to one guilty pleasure,
When those fatal doors were passed,
Shame was vanquished, conscience followed,
All our comforts went at last.

Long my mother bore in silence
Loss of plenty, loss of fame ;

Though sometimes the gossips' slander
Tinged her faded cheek with shame.

Yet, since that ill-fated evening,
From her lip we never heard
Tone of voice that seemed like anger,
Or the least reproachful word.

Gentle, patient, meek, and lowly,
All her duties still were done ;
Though the joy that used to cheer them
From her sinking soul was gone.

Little did we know that sorrow
Had such deep and deadly power,
Little dreamed her strength was failing—
Failing faster, hour by hour ;

Till one awful moment told us
All the fatal truth at last ;
To her restless bed she called us,
O'er my brow her fingers passed.

There were sighs, and words so broken,
Yet so fond, and full of love ;
And her smiles—we ne'er forgot them,
Like an angel's from above.

One last charge she laid upon us,
With a look and voice so kind ;
“Never speak a word in passion,
Never wound a feeling mind.

“Bear reproach, for He who bore it
Bore injustice, stripes, and death”—
Here she ceased—her pulse was fluttering—
’Twas the strife of parting breath.

Thus she passed ; and oh how lonely—
Worse than lonely we were left !
All too late, our wretched father
Seemed of every hope bereft.

Sometimes frantic, sometimes sullen,
Weeping like a fretful child,
Oftener to his haunts returning,
Lost and reckless, weak and wild.

Thus he died : we asked not whether
By the public way he fell.
Strangers brought him to our dwelling,
None the dreadful tale would tell.

Thus, kind lady, thus we wander
Over many a weary mile.

I could work—but little Martha,
Who would care for her the while ?

Sweet the songs that she can sing you,
Like the lark, when first it wakes,
While her little heart seems lightened
By the music that she makes.

Would your daughters, gentle lady,
Hear my little sister sing ?
Small the pittance that we ask you,
Hunger is a fearful thing.

May you never know how bitter
Sorrow is, and want, and shame ;
Gracious Heaven has made you happy,
May it keep you still the same !

“THE HOMES OF OLD ENGLAND.”

THE homes of old England, I see them again,
The flowers on the meadow, the flocks on the plain,
The white gables gleaming among the green trees ;
O, who could be weary of pictures like these ?

I see the green lawn, with its border of flowers,
I feel the cool shade of its trellis-work bowers,
I hear the sweet music of woodland and grove ;
And are they not near me—the friends whom I love ?

Once more I behold the neat cottages too,
The woodbine-wreathed windows, where sunshine
 smiles through ;
The orchards, so gay with the promise of spring,
The gardens of roses where summer-birds sing :

The labourer returning at night from his toil,
To sit by his fire, and to see the sweet smile
Of untiring affection, more felt than express'd,
That welcomes him back to the home of his rest.

All these have I sigh'd for when far, far away,
When soft was the moonlight, and dazzling the day,
When all things around me were changing and new,
To the homes of Old England my thoughts were still
true.

I've been where the streams, with more silvery swell,
Have woke the wild echoes of many a green dell ;
Where landscapes more lovely, and vistas more bright,
Than fancy e'er pictured, have burst on my sight :

I've been where the flowers were more brilliant in hue,
The skies more resplendent with sapphire and blue ;
I've been where the rocks were more bold and sublime—
But I wanted the sound of the evening-bell's chime.

I've been where the air was more pure and more calm,
The breath of the morning more laden with balm ;
I've been where the sun in more glory has set,
But the homes of Old England I ne'er could forget.

THE IDIOT.

THEY say I am an idiot boy !
And surely they should know,
Who mock me for my senseless joy,
My still more senseless wo.

They call the children from their play,
Whene'er we chance to meet ;
They teach the village dogs to bay,
And track my wandering feet.

And some turn pale with foolish fear,
And look so stern and still,
My loud exulting laugh to hear,
As if I meant them ill.

How should I wish or dare to laugh
So loud and merrily,
If I had given them half
The pain which they give me ?

No, mine is all a harmless joy,
 Unchecked by doubt or fear.
The poor neglected idiot boy
 Has never caused a tear.

Mine is a joy that leads me where
 No other wanderers go ;
No other human step would dare
 To tread the paths I know.

There, while the winds and waves at play
 Hold pastime wild and free,
I laugh and sing the hours away,
 With none to mock my glee.

On the bold rock I sit, and watch
 The golden sun go down ;
Or in my outstretched hand I catch
 The glory of his crown.

Is it not joy to hear the roar
 And see the billow's foam ?
To dance upon the sparkling shore,
 And make the caves my home ?

Such is my joy, to climb alone
 Up to the beetling brow

Of some old crag, or hoary stone,
With the dark waves below.

What is it guides me—leads me on,
And points the surest path ?
It is no wisdom of my own,
For none the idiot hath.

It is some power—I know not where,
Nor what, that power can be,
That seems so like a Father's care
Surrounding even me.

Is it in earth, or air, or sky,
That all-protecting hand ?
In vain I look, in vain I try,
That power to understand.

Yet one thing have I learned to know,
Though storms and billows roar,
It safely leads where'er I go—
Can wisdom teach me more ?

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

GLAD scene, rejoicing—how we turn to thee !
'Tis the old land, the country of the free !
What though thy skies may not be always blue,
Thy mountains tinged with heaven's ethereal hue,
Thy lakes magnificent—thy rocks sublime—
Thou hast a beauty still, unchanged by time.
Nor gorgeous palace of the golden East,
Nor pomp of ancient Rome, nor Attic feast,
Nor loud cascades from melting snows that come,
Lashed by their own wild fury into foam,
Nor giant woods, to waste luxuriance run,
Nor all the splendours of a southern sun,
Can lure the patriot heart to turn from thee,
Land of the just, the noble, and the free !

Green are thy pastures, happy land ! and green
Thy forest-boughs that shade the woodland scene ;
And calm the mellow light of evening falls
Or verdant slopes, and peaceful cottage walls ;
While the lake glistens in the golden ray,
Till softly fade those evening tints away.

O England ! let us love thee while we can,
Thou nurse of all that most ennobles Man !
Turn not a deaf ear to thy people's cause,
But shield us still with just and equal laws.
Thou art no favoured spot of genial earth,
Thy matchless beauty is thy moral worth ;
When this shall fail thee, with the power it gives,
The undaunted soul that in the patriot lives
Shall fail him too ; and then a long adieu
To all that made thee happy, just, and true.

THE SONS OF JACOB.

This have we found—Mysterious falsehood ! why
Was evil blended thus with Heaven's own plan ?
Was there no way but this most artful lie
That in the semblance of fair Truth began ?
No other means to bring about that end
Whose glorious fruits to distant worlds extend ?
Oh, majesty of power ! supremely high !
Incomprehensible to human thought !
Great mystery of mysteries ! Never taught
To those who sit in darkness here below ;
When shall the dawning of that morning be
When we shall dwell in light, and look on thee ?
Ever adoring, ever learning how
From man's foul deeds, God's purest mercies flow.

THE DIVAN IN THE SERAGLIO PALACE.*

THE DISMISSED FAVOURITE.

PALACE of gorgeous beauty ! Rich in all
That charms the eye, or gratifies the sense ;
In thy fair gardens sparkling fountains fall,
Lulling the dream of thy magnificence.

Beside thy stately walls, the crystal wave
Of the swift Bosphorus glides perpetual by ;
While deeper yet, Marmora's waters lave
The region where thy southern boundaries lie.

* This magnificent palace is inhabited by not less than six thousand persons ; and the site upon which it stands includes a space of four miles in circumference, filled with a gorgeous display of palaces, baths, mosques, kiosks, gardens, and cypress groves, laid out by the Greeks, and preserved by their Turkish successors.

The principal entrance is by a lofty gate called Babi Humayoun, or The High Door, giving rise to the diplomatic phrase "Sublime Porte."

Majestic edifice ! and fair, as vast !

Thy gates of splendour, decked with green and gold,
Thy pillars tall, in giant beauty cast,
Thy fretted roofs, thy marble pavements cold,

Reflecting all those glowing tints again ;

Swept by the flowing robes of princely state,
Where slowly pass the Vizier and his train,
And pace the palace-guards with solemn gait—

Majestic edifice ! thou hast a name

To live amongst the nations—"Porte Sublime !"
Bold words to blazon on the lists of fame,
And deeds as bold to tell to distant time.

But let not passing wonder fill the soul,

Nor splendour dazzle till it dims the sight ;
Beside those walls, what troubled waters roll !
What mental darkness sheds perpetual night !

What treachery lurks within those gardens fair !

Where servile flattery breathes its loathed lie ;
Where childhood's bounding step must still beware,
And woman live an abject slave, or die !

Can such things be ? Beside the Harem gate
There is a small Kiosk.* Deep rolls the wave,
And deep the tomb it holds for those who wait
In that lone chamber, gazing on their grave.

A tyrant's will, for that alone is law,
Quenches the life-spring in his victim's breast ;
A passing thought—the falling of a straw—
Decides his doom. The bowstring does the rest.

And the deep sea rolls on—a swell,
A moment's ripple on the sparkling tide,
While the hoarse cannon speaks alone, to tell
Another victim in that grave has died.

* “It is but too true, that, strongly contrasting with all this glittering and pomp, and with all that can contribute to luxurious enjoyment, is the small Kiosk here alluded to, situated at one of the gates of the Harem, where the favourite of yesterday is often placed, to await the decision of a tyrant-master's will ; and there he remains, unconscious whether the next approaching step will be that of a messenger to invest him with new honours, or an executioner to terminate his existence with the bowstring, and then to plunge his body into the sea ; an event which is announced by the firing of a cannon—a solemn sound as it reverberates from the opposite shore !

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT KENILWORTH.

MAKE way, the Queen advances,
Stand forth with spear and lance,
While heralds cry, and pennons fly,
Begin the morrice-dance.
And let the minstrel deftly
Attune his sylvan lyre ;
For surely 'tis a glorious day
To wake the poet's fire.

Make way, the Queen advances,
Fly, heralds, fly with speed !
See with what grace and majesty,
She reins her prancing steed.
Wave higher yet the banner,
And wider still unfurl ;
For by her side, in princely pride,
Rides Leicester's gallant Earl.

And poet's lays proclaim his praise,
The favourite of the day ;

While round about, 'mid laugh, and shout,
The merry minstrels play.
And courtiers bow before him,
And pages bend the knee,
And all confess his happiness,
Lord of that pageantry.

I will not call thee happy,
Queen of the prosperous reign !
I will not wish those golden days
Were ours to live again.
For under waving banner,
And under plumed crest,
And under knighthood's glittering star,
Was many an aching breast.

I will not call thee happy,
Though thousands called thee fair ;
And flattering tongues pronounced thee young,
When age had blanched thy hair.
I will not call thee happy,
When beauty woke thy hate ;
Nor all the power of regal dower,
Could make thee truly great.

I will not call thee happy,
Though wonderful thy skill

To rule thy people wisely,
And bend them to thy will ;
For one thing still was wanting,
A faithful heart and tried,
To love thee for thyself alone,
Without thy regal pride.

'Tis thus I call HER happy,
Who wields the sceptre now,
Who feels the bliss of childhood's kiss,
Upon a mother's brow.
And long may she be happy,
Who lives that woman's life,
Beneath the splendour of a crown,
A loved and honoured Wife !

MY GRANDFATHER'S CHAISE.

My Grandfather's chaise was a clumsy affair,
Better fitted for safety than speed ;
The horse it was drawn by, though patient and slow,
He always advised to take heed.

And, oh ! what a pull when he meant him to stop,
And, oh ! what a dust we did raise !
Yet still we were happy, I hardly know why,
When we rode in my Grandfather's chaise.

Perhaps it might be, that May mornings were bright,
Gay butterflies all on the wing,
Green hedges adorned with the hawthorn in bloom,
While song-birds did cheerily sing.

Perhaps it might be, that the worthy old man
Did his best to instruct, and to please ;
And I often feel sorry, to think how we tried
To baffle, perplex him, and tease.

Perhaps it might be, that ere railroads were known,
When highways and byways were rough ;
We were always contented to ride as we could,
And believed that we went fast enough.

And now I look back with a smile and a sigh,
To think of those primitive days ;
When we all were so happy we never knew why,
To ride in my Grandfather's chaise.

THE BEAUTIFUL BAY.

LITTLE bark of the Ocean,
How gentle thy motion !
Wafted by light winds, so sportive and gay.
Thy white sails are gleaming
Where sunlight is streaming,
Over the waves of that beautiful bay.

Gentle bark, as thou goest
How little thou knowest
What fate awaits thee when far, far away ;
What billows may break thee,
What stormy winds wreck thee,
Sheltered no more by that beautiful bay.

Little bark of the ocean,
Then swift be thy motion,
Dancing along through the silvery spray ;
Light hearts will greet thee,
When old friends shall meet thee,
Safely returned to that beautiful bay.

GOD IS LOVE.

SWEET the sound of Nature's voice,
Where the crystal waters flow
Swiftly down from distant hills,
Murmuring music as they flow.

Sweet the breath of summer gale,
Sweet the fall of summer shower,
When the breeze of evening bears
Perfume from each dewy flower.

When amid unfading bowers,
Ever blooming, ever gay !
Indian birds of golden wing,
Sing their happy lives away ;

Sweet, where Eastern climes are bright,
Ere the day begins to fade,
There to watch the yellow light,
Glist'ning through the palm-tree's shade,

Sweet, beneath those cloudless skies,
Peace below, and light above,
There to wander forth, and feel
God is light, and God is love.

Sweet—but, ah ! What temples there
Meet the inquiring wanderer's eye !
Are these Indian shrines as pure
As the breeze, the flowers, the sky ?

In this soft sequestered spot,
All is lovely, all is bright ;
Woods adorned with deepest green,
Mountains bathed in liquid light ;

Well may such a scene inspire
Hopes, a grovelling world above ;
But within those temples fair
No one knows that God is love.

Cruel thoughts, and guilty prayer,
Traacherous schemes of vengeance dire,
Wake an echoing anthem-peal,
Kindle into kindred fire.

Where the car of triumph rolls,
See their hideous monster-god !

Mark their worship—human blood,
Human tears bedew the sod.

Human misery swells the cry,
Vice and folly reign around ;
While unpitied victims fall
Crushed, and quivering on the ground.

Such their worship, such their creed ;
Sons of darkness, poor, and blind !
Who shall wake their slumbering souls,
Who shall tell them God is kind ?

Blessed dawn of happier day,
When these guilty rites shall cease !
Come, thou Dove with heavenly wing !
Hail, thou harbinger of peace !

Shadowing o'er that Eastern land,
Showering mercies from above ;
Come, and swell the tide of joy !
Come, and teach them G O D I S L O V E !

THE FORUM—ROME.

THERE is one thought inscribed on all
Which bears the impress of the past ;
It wears the same dark funeral pall—
It could not last !
Thy sculptured columns, vast and high,
Imperial Rome,
Proud Tiber swept exulting by ;
And, prouder still, thy People's cry,
Was, ever as one family,
“ Behold our home !”

Nations adored thee from afar,
And thousands compassed land and sea,
As, on some great and glorious star,
To gaze on thee ;
And soared thy conquering eagle then
Before the wondering eyes of men,
Triumphantly.

Yet ever, as thy stately pile
Of beauty rose upon the sight ;
And ever, as thy banquet smile
Flashed with delight ;
And ever, as thine eagle flew
From land to land,
And victory swelled, and terror grew,
And friends were strong, and foes were few,
On every hand ;—

The worm that in thy bosom lay,
From thy first day of early prime,
Was eating at thy life away—
Even Old Time.
And gate of strength, and massive wall,
Pillar of beauty, arch, and all—
He laughed to see them shake and fall,
Proud of his prey ;
For he alone of all thy foes,
Had won the day ;
Not by the strife of angry blows,
But slow decay.

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

WHEN first thy step a welcome found
In England's happy isle,
What shouts of gladness echoed round,
Exulting as thy smile !

What future scenes in glory dressed,
What splendour seemed to shine ;
What golden promise filled thy breast,
What bounding joy was thine !

A royal crown, a people's love,
A monarch's throne to share ;
What human heart but these might move !
And more than these were there.

But soon the clouds of gloomy night
Fell o'er that courtly scene ;
The picture faded from thy sight
As if it ne'er had been.

And lonely in thy royalty,
And desolate wert thou ;
A widow's tears were in thine eye,
Her weeds upon thy brow.

Yet, stranger from a foreign land,
And lonely as thou art,
We hail the bounties of thy hand,
And bless thy generous heart.

For where the orphan seeks a home,
The sufferer needs a friend,
Thy charities unnumbered come,
Their gracious aid to lend.

A silent virtue marks thy way ;
A pure unsullied light
Sheds o'er thy path its peaceful ray,
And leads thy steps aright.

And thus we learn to love thy name,
And claim thee as our own ;
More pleased than when the hand of fame
Adorned thee with a crown.

ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

LET the gay pageant of the world pass by,
The sun go down, and Nature sink to rest ;
Then, when the stars are in the cloudless sky,
And their lights glitter upon Ocean's breast,
Then would I break the silence and the gloom
Of the still night, seeking the Saviour's tomb.

Not when the crowd of pilgrims kneel around,
Though haply purer lips than mine might pray,
Could I upon that consecrated ground,
Delight to stand in the full glare of day ;
But with no eye to measure tears with mine,
There would I weep, beside that hallowed shrine.

And there is rapture in such loneliness,
Deep, holy joy is blended with such tears,
For the still night hath language, not the less
That busy man that language seldom hears ;
And Hope, arrayed in robes of heavenly light,
Sits by the tomb—an angel ever bright.

Spirit divine ! we would invoke thine aid,
That seal to break—that stone to roll away ;
Bring us once more to where the Lord was laid !
Teach us to realize that awful day !
For, ever as we tread the ways of men,
To us that sepulchre is closed again.

And darkness follows, and a night of gloom,
Which thou alone in mercy canst dispel ;
Bring us then ever to the Saviour's tomb,
In lowliness of spirit there to dwell ;
Till thou shalt break the silence of that prison
With the glad tidings that *the Lord is risen !*

ATHENS, FROM THE ILISSUS.*

THEY libel Nature's truth who say

That thou shouldst die.

Thou canst not die ! for, far away,

Thy noble ruins hoar and gray,

Majestic lie ;

And scattering beauty o'er the plain,

Thy days of glory bring again.

Thou canst not die, while art shall live

Her tenderest touch of truth to give

To forms of clay ;

* It was on the banks of the Ilissus, a river "*quanto riece d'onor tanto povero d'acque*," that Codrus is believed to have offered himself a voluntary sacrifice for his country. On one bank there stood a temple to Diana ; on the opposite, the Lyceum, in whose groves Aristotle taught that philosophy, which, for two thousand years, was received and adopted throughout Europe. The reputation which this river of antiquity once enjoyed is commemorated by an allegorical sculpture on the pediment of the Parthenon.

Thy noblest models, best defined,
Majestic work of lofty mind,
 Her triumph they,
Shall breathe in marble pure and chaste,
Till beauty from the world of taste
 Shall fade away.

Thou canst not die! What human mind
At once enlightened, and refined,
 But loves thee yet?
Nor while thine own Ilissus flows,
Where walked the sage at evening's close,
 Can we forget,
How many a lofty thought we owe,
To those who watched its waters flow.

Thou canst not die! Proud Salamis
 Looks o'er thy bay;
And points to such a scene as this
 With ruins gray;
To tell how glorious was the past,
Which ruined, thus can live and last.

Nothing can die which e'er has known
 A power like thine.
We muse upon the sculptured stone,

And deem thy days of glory gone,
No more to shine ;

But let the tempest crush thy pride,
And mouldering columns side by side
Neglected lie ;

Far o'er the distant world of mind
Thy spirit ranges unconfined !
Thou canst not die !

THE AUTHOR OF

“THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.”

POET of the charmed lay,
Singing oft in numbers sweet,
Let a lowly minstrel lay
One poor garland at thy feet.

Thou hast struck a golden lyre,
Thou hast touched a lofty theme ;
Scarce could happier words inspire
Music in an angel's dream.

HOPE, that halcyon dove, that dwells
Brooding o'er this troubled scene,
Breathes along thy verse, and tells
Where the spots of earth are green.

Not the song of summer-bird,
Not the fountain's liquid flow,

Not the vesper-bell, when heard
Stealing on the breezes low ;

Not the well-known evening call,
Not the welcome voice of home,
On the ear more sweetly fall,
With more genuine music come.

We, who listening to thy strain,
Felt the chords of feeling thrill,
We would ask thy touch again
O'er those chords to wander still.

We who loved thy charmed page
In the days of early youth,
We would ask, in riper age,
Holier words of deeper truth.

We would ask thy hovering dove,
Waving still her dewy wing,
From the fount of light and love
Drops of purer balm to bring.

Tossed upon a stormy sea,
We would ask that beacon bright—
HEAVENLY HOPE, on us, and thee,
Yet to shed its evening light.

THE PANTHEON—ROME.*

“SANCTUARY AND HOME
OF ART AND PIETY, PANTHEON! PRIDE OF ROME.”

BYRON.

SUBLIME and beautiful was that bold thought,
Scarce heathen in its origin, which brought
All Deity within one temple vast,
And light and beauty o'er that temple cast.

Yet were they heathen days of ancient Rome,
When rose from earth this proud majestic dome,

* The Pantheon of Rome is, without doubt, the most perfect specimen of ancient art in existence—the most magnificent evidence of the refinement of that nation, which time has spared to posterity. The greatest artist of modern ages, Raffaele, begged that no other tomb might be placed above his remains than the Cupola of the Pantheon. The monument is suited to the man.

To ALL the Gods, a consecrated pile !
Frown not, ye more enlightened ones, nor smile.
To ALL the gods one temple ! Not to us,
Children of light, 'tis given to worship thus.
We own and bless a revelation brought
Direct from Heaven, by God's own Spirit taught ;
And learning thus to lisp the Eternal Name,
As One in power, in providence the same,
We boast a union in our Christian rule,
Unknown to worshippers of that dark school.
Unlike the Heathen, we adore but One,
Supreme in majesty—sublime—alone !
Yet many temples we require for all
Who bless his name, and on his mercy call,
Unlike the Heathen in our righteous pride,
We cannot—dare not—worship side by side.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

PLACE that wreath of snowy whiteness
O'er the maiden's brow,
Youth is there, with all its brightness
Beaming now.

Wealth has laid his golden treasure
At the maiden's feet ;
Friends are whispering tales of pleasure
Soft and sweet ;

Hope has told her favourite story
To the maiden's ear,
Love has dipped his wings in glory :
Why that tear ?

Hark ! she hears her mother singing
At her father's door ;
Where her own sweet flowers are springing,
Hers no more.

Hers no more that home of gladness
Where her childhood grew ;
Where the hours that knew no sadness
Swiftly flew ;

Where the chain of love entwining
Not one fragment gone,
Brothers—sisters—all combining,
Linked in one.

Who shall say what fate impending
Maiden, may be thine ;
When those arms no more befriending
Round thee twine ?

Take thy bridal robe of splendour,
And thy jewels gay ;
But those friends, so kind and tender,
Where are they ?

Where are those who well might greet thee
Happier than before ?
Tried—and trusted—they shall meet thee,
Never more.

THE HERMIT'S HOME.

THE Hermit's home is lonely,
Hid in the mountain cave,
No roof to shield his hoary head,
No sheltering boughs to wave.

No birds to sing their summer song,
When lengthening days begin ;
No stars to glitter in his sky,
When evening closes in.

No welcome from the household band
Of brothers, sisters, friends ;
No smile of childhood's happiness
Its cloudless sunshine lends.

The Hermit's home is lonely,
For pain and penance meet ;
The rock his couch, his pillow cold
The stone beneath his feet—

He asks no more ; the downy bed,
The gold-embroidered vest,
The sparkling bowl, were all to him
But idle toys at best.

The Hermit's home is silent,
No sound disturbs its calm ;
No echo, but the voice of prayer,
His weary bosom's balm.

The Hermit seeks no passing change,
To bring his thoughts relief ;
No tidings ever reach his ear
Of human joy or grief.

The world is all shut out ; and, free
From every sordid pain,
He folds that sacred page, and reads—
Then thinks, and reads again.

Thus glide the hours, from early morn
Till evening closes round ;
When low the Hermit bends his knee
Upon the cold damp ground.

While turning to that crucifix,
Above the whitening skull ;

With feelings deep, and hope sublime,
His fervent heart is full.

Oh! holy man, and blest as good,
No grovelling cares are thine ;
Teach me—oh teach me how to make
Thy hopes and pleasures mine !

THE CLIFFS OF ALAYA.

Oh ! never was pirate's home so bold,
As that where the cliffs of Alaya stand,
Breasting the breakers, stern and cold,
Guarding the shores of that mountain-land.

And fearful the roar of those hollow caves,
The surging of waters those rocks among,
As the screaming sea-bird dips, and laves,
In the billows that dance to the boatman's song.

And fearful the winds that are cradled there,
And heavy the swell of that foaming tide,
When the pilot steers his bark with care,
And the battlements frown in their stormy pride.

And never shall peace be on that shore,
Nor silence within those deep caves live,
Till the cliffs of Alaya frown no more,
And winds and waters have ceased to strive.

REFLECTIONS

ON LOOKING AT THE PICTURE OF

THE LAST INTERVIEW OF LOUIS XVI.

WITH HIS FAMILY.

Oh ! wondrous power of human skill !
With very tears the eye to fill—
To make the tide of deepest wo
For ever rise—for ever flow.
And casting o'er the living form
A beauty ever bright and warm,
Defy the power of time to chill
That burning grief—that cry to still.

Yes, let the bright sun rise and set,
Those mourners never can forget ;
Let years roll on, and other hearts
Have prompted all their different parts ;
Let changing fortunes bring their share

Of mingled sorrow, joy, and care ;
Yet still unchanged that scene will be,
Locked in perpetual agony.
That father's calm and heavenward look,
Fixed like the page of sacred book,
To which we turn from year to year,
And find the truth still written there,
Those younger forms—that loving child—
That mother, with her anguish wild—
Oh ! majesty of human grief !
Beyond all pity, all relief,
To live amid this changing life,
Above its vanities and strife ;
And keep one feeling ever new,
Holy, and deep, and firm, and true.

THE ORPHAN NEPHEW.

YOUNG Archibald Grey was a wayward youth,
The chase was all he loved ;
Nor tasks, nor prayers, nor parents' tears,
His heedless bosom moved.

He was forth at morn with the early dawn,
While the dew lay on the ground,
Away, away, o'er burn and brae,
Away, with hawk and hound.

Away, with his mother's favourite steed,
Away, with his father's gold ;
The vassals were proud of their youthful lord,
And called him brave and bold.

They were proud, and pleased with his open hand,
And cared no more than he
What sorrow might come to his father's home,
If he their lord might be.

They asked not why his mother's eye
Was dim with falling tears ;
The paleness of her cheek to them
Awoke no anxious fears.

What ails the youth ? Young Archibald Grey
Sits lonely in his tower.

Why does he weep while others sleep,
Through the silent midnight hour ?

Bright morning dawns o'er the grassy lawns
That skirt his wide domain.

Where are they gone—those slighted ones ?
Why come they not again ?

A pall hangs over his father's bier,
His mother's head lies low ;
Their hall of state is desolate,
Where is its welcome now ?

He seeks once more the rosy bower
His mother loved so much,
He calls to mind her accents kind,
He feels her tenderest touch.

No, never more—oh, never more,
That gentle hand will stray

O'er the ringlets wild of her wayward child,
Where fondly it used to play.

Alone, alone—for ever gone—
The friends who loved him best—
Who flattered not, but made his lot,
Or would have made it, blest.

Young Archibald Grey is an altered youth,
He has an uncle stern,
And he bends his pride, whate'er betide,
A wiser lesson to learn.

He bows his head like a broken flower,
Why stooped he not before ?
That lesson he spurned, when he might have learned
With a heart less sad and sore.

He might have listened while soft eyes glistened
With tears of tenderness ;
And words of truth might have guided his youth,
From lips that longed to bless.

Now all around looks dark and drear,
Hope's promised joys grow dim ;
For stern and strange is the fearful change
Which death has brought to him.

O ye, who slight your parents' care,
Your parents' fervent prayers,
Remember that none, when they are gone,
Will love you with love like theirs.

THE FAIRY DANCE.

I WONDER if ever the fairy world
 Enchanted another like me,
When I used to wish, and almost pray,
 That a fairy I might see.

I remember a parlour with window low—
 An old bow-window wide ;
A vine grew within it, sweet roses without,
 And many a flower beside.

And there I dreamed my early dreams,
 A motherless, wayward child,
Till my brain was filled, and my heart oppressed,
 With fancies strange and wild,

And feelings, that might, with a mother's care,
 Have been taught to rise above,

Sank under the burden of loneliness,
For want of something to love.

And thus I peopled the fairy world,
And made it all my own ;
And imagined such beauties as never were seen,
At the court of a monarch full-grown.

There was one dark spot—I remember it well—
A spot in that ancient room ;
And I watched, and waited, and scarcely breathed,
For there I thought they would come.

And when the shadows of evening fell,
And twilight was stealing in,
I watched and waited, for then I thought
The fairy dance would begin.

And happy it was in those early days
For a child unloved like me,
To dwell with a people whose tiny ways
Were so full of mirth and glee.

And many an hour it has whiled away,
And many a painful thought ;
And many a sorrow has scarcely been felt,
For the joy the fairies brought.

Oh, blame not then the idle dreams
From fairy visions that flow :
There are many less innocent things, I ween,
Than dreaming of fairies now.

MOSQUE OF SHAH-ZA-DEH DJAMESI.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE day was sultry to its close,
The weary soldiers sought repose ;
While, seated in his royal tent,
The Sultan, called " Magnificent,"
Gazed gloomily upon the sky,
As fleecy clouds passed slowly by,
And o'er his bold and manly brow
Their darkening shadows seemed to throw.

Hark to that shriek of agony !
That wild appeal !—that piercing cry !
A father's name is murmured there,

* This splendid mosque, erected by the sultan Soliman the Magnificent, is said to have owed its origin to the remorse he suffered in consequence of the murder of his two sons ; the elder, in his own tent, and under his own eye—the younger, by his own command ; and both, in the manner attempted to be described in the following lines.

A mother's mingles with that prayer,
And fiercer grows the strife, and long,
For life is dear, and youth is strong ;
And frenzy fills that burning breast,
By murderous hands to madness pressed.
“ Pause not.”—The Sultan's voice is heard,
A deadlier doom is in that word ;
“ Pause not. The work is well begun,
“ One struggle more, and all is done.”
What voice was that ?—The trembling youth
Starts back—he sees—he feels the truth !
And bending, like a broken flower,
Beneath the weight of wintry shower,
Sinks hopeless, lifeless on the ground,
Ere yet can fall a deadlier wound.

The mother sits within her bower,
Through evening shade, and noontide hour ;
One gem is left her yet to wear,
One rose to tend with more than care,
One folded lamb that may not rove,
One precious child to watch and love,
The more, that he, her oldest born,
So fiercely from her breast was torn.
The mother gazes on her boy,
His rosy smile, his bounding joy,

His tameless spirit, wild and free,
That longs and pants for liberty,
Her tearful eyes with sorrow dim
To think such fate should master him—
A prison in that guarded room—
Or strangling, and an early tomb.

The mother gazes—even now
She sees his look to rapture grow ;
For summer leaves are rustling there,
And song-birds warble loud and clear,
And he would wander far and near,
To gaze upon the earth and sky,
And watch those merry birds pass by ;
“ Poor prisoned child ! thy lot should be
“ With eyes so bright, and soul so free,
“ A wild and joyous infancy.”

Thus sighed the mother, and she felt
The piteous thought her bosom melt !
But, ah ! what words of hope are near,
Words doubly sweet from one so dear !
The Sultan's heart, with anguish torn
For murder of his eldest born,
Yearns with redoubled fondness now,
That o'er the younger brother's brow

The rose of health, the smile of joy,
Should mark the fair and princely boy.
And thus he sends a noble steed
Of wondrous beauty, grace, and speed,
Richly caparisoned, to bear
The happy youth to purer air,
Where the pleased mother all the while
May watch her boy, and jest, and smile,
As journeying with her female slaves
Where sunshine rests, or shadow waves.

Kind thought ! And now what bliss is theirs !
What buoyant hopes, unchecked by fears !
To see the sun, the heavens, the trees,
To feel once more the balmy breeze,
To pass beneath the forest's shade !—
“ Allah !” the mother shrieks—“ Betrayed !
“ We are betrayed—my child and I !
“ Oh ! strike me first, and let me die !”
It was too late—the blow was dealt ;
No conscience-pang those ruffians felt,
But hastened back to tell their lord
How well had sped his fatal word.

And now the Sultan, worn and gray,
Sits silent in his tent all day,

For years have passed, and Time has thrown
A shadow deeper than its own
Across that bold and manly brow,
Where health and beauty used to glow.
He sits alone—for brooding thought
Brings back the past ; and dearly bought
Seems all his proud magnificence,
With that one feeling, deep, intense,
For ever burning in his breast,
Consuming life, and marring rest—
A dark, a deadly purpose gained—
A father's hand with murder stained—
And treacherous lie—and fearful strife
Against his hapless children's life !
“ What boots it thus to muse, and bear
“ A burden heavier than despair,
“ While hope is left of sin forgiven
“ By deed of recompense to Heaven ? ”
Vain thought ! and yet it bears him up ;
He drinks again the sweetened cup,
He feasts his soul with purpose high,
A stately dome salutes the eye ;
A mosque, with towers and minarets gay.
Invites to enter, kneel, and pray.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

STRANGE stories are told of that leaning tower
That never falls ;
And something there seems like a magic power
Within its walls,
Holding for ever that trembling pile,
Which seems to threaten the passer-by,
To quicken his loitering steps the while,
Ere, hanging betwixt the earth and sky,
The topmost flight
Of that dizzy height
In broken ruins around shall lie.

And thus we think when the cheek grows pale,
That death is there ;
But life can tell a darker tale
Of long despair,
Which eats the bloom from the rose of youth,
Leaving the petals to linger on ;
Blighting the visions of early truth,
One by one.

Thus in the inmost soul there lies

A secret power which conquers pain ;

Shrouded, perchance, in some fair disguise,

It lives concealed from mortal eyes,

To suffer again.

THE CHASE.

THEY tell me 'tis a noble game,
Through fields and forests fair,
With yelling hound and echoing horn,
To chase the timid hare.

They tell me 'tis a noble art
To ride at furious speed;
To win the race o'er bush and brake,
And see the victim bleed.

They say that Britain's noblest sons,
The generous, kind, and true,
Were ever foremost in the chase,
And Britain's daughters too.

But tell not me of glorious deeds
That have no generous aim;
The only noble sport is that
Where all enjoy the same.

The blood-stain, in the cheerful track,
The death-cry in the field,
To savage natures unrefined
A selfish joy may yield :

But give me that which all partake,
The bliss which all may borrow,
The laughter that excites no tear,
The joy that brings no sorrow.

S I D O N .

CITY of ancient splendour ! where is now
The wreath of fame that bound thy stately brow ?
Thy wealth of merchandise, thy pomp and pride,
That rode triumphant on the heaving tide ?
Thy busy multitudes, thy crowded courts,
And laden ships that sought thy sheltered ports ?
Thy gorgeous palaces, thy princely towers,
Thy fruitful gardens, and thy blooming bowers ?
The patriarch's promise resting on thy land,
Whose teeming soil no stranger might command.
Envy of nations ! mistress of the sea !
Where are the golden hopes that dwelt with thee ?
Why fades the glory on thine ancient brow ?
The same bright sun is shining on thee now.
The same unclouded canopy of blue,
Is still above thee. Still the traveller's view
Is bounded by the same unbroken range,
Of everlasting hills that know no change.

Yet time hath wrought, Oh, what a change in thee!
No more thy merchandise floats o'er the sea.
Thy streets are desolate, thy halls of pride
A range of ruins stretched along the tide ;
Where many a broken arch, and crumbling wall,
Thy noon of glory, and thy pomp recall.
A waveless sea now sleeps along thy shore,
Where idle seamen ply the fruitless oar,
And the lone stranger pauses to survey
The silent splendour of thy slow decay.

THE DISCONTENTED PAGE.

THEY took him from the mimic fight,
From childhood's songs of glee,
From green-wood gay, and sunshine bright,
And placed him with a noble knight,
His lady's page to be.

Their castle frowned upon the deep,
In stern majestic pride,
Around its base the billows sweep,
The craggy rocks are wild and steep,
And fierce the foaming tide.

And he who loved the rosy bower
And mossy bank so well,
The waving bough, the April shower,
And all the tints of leaf and flower,
In those dark halls must dwell.

No, never will his bosom brook
A prisoned page to be ;

His soul is chafed with haughty look,
With toilsome task, and weary book,
And with that restless sea.

He pines to see the forest gay,
To hear the hunter's horn ;
Or well-remembered roundelay,
With sweet-toned echo, far away
On mountain-breezes borne.

And thus with many a childish tear,
He pours his plaintive moan.
The fisherman looks up to hear,
From bastion'd window cold and drear,
That melancholy tone.

"Oh ! thou with heart so warm and true,
The brave Sir Launcelot !
If thou or thine my sorrows knew,
You would not leave me here to rue
The hardship of my lot."

Strange were the sounds from that lone tower,
The fisherman draws near,
They seemed to have the witching power
Of music in a fairy bower,
So gentle and so clear.

And sure he deemed some lady fair
By cruel foes betrayed,
Poured to the winds her piteous prayer,
In hope some knight might wander there,
Her hapless plight to aid.

He knew the good Sir Launcelot,
He knew him kind and brave.
His oath of knighthood ne'er forgot,
He soon would hasten to the spot
To rescue, and to save.

Sir Launcelot brings a trusty crew,
He comes at dead of night ;
The towers are high, his friends are few,
But thanks to that fisherman bold and true,
A ladder scales their height.

And soon a gentle form appears,
A stranger mute and meek !
Is it because of maiden fears ?
Or shame, or grief, that burning tears
Are chasing o'er that cheek ?

Sir Launcelot was a courteous knight,
He spoke in accents mild,

That well might soothe a luckless wight :
When, lo ! there rose upon his sight
The features of his child !

Low bent the page upon his knee,
His tears burst forth amain ;
He only asked for liberty
Within his father's halls to be
A happy child again.

That boon was granted, and away
Across the bay they sailed.
In his own castle far away,
Sir Launcelot oft recalls the day
When childhood's tears prevailed.

THE SHEPHERD OF MOUNT LEBANON.

SHEPHERD, watching by thy sheep
From the morn till dewy night,
Listening to the murmur deep
Of yon torrent clear and bright !
Where it rushes from between
Lofty pine, and cypress old,
Hastening to the banks of green,
With its waters pure and cold ;

Lonely Shepherd on the hill,
Where no other footstep comes,
When thy wandering flocks are still,
When the eagles seek their homes,
When no moving sight is seen,
And no sound in earth, or air,
Tell that life has ever been,
With its joys and sorrows, there ;

Shepherd, dost thou ever look
Back into the page of time ;

Turning to that holy book,
Faithful record of thy clime ?
Where the prophet's hymn hath told—
Told in strains of melody,
How thy cedars firm and bold
Types of human strength may be.

Lonely Shepherd, hast thou ne'er
Heard those cedars tell their story,
To the wandering mountain-air,
Whispering of their ancient glory ;
How the king of Israel chose
From the forests at thy feet,
Lofty cedars such as those,
For his Lord's own temple meet ?

Shepherd, hast thou never dreamed
Jordan's waves were swelling near,
When the wakening blast has seemed
Like a tempest to thine ear ?
Hast thou never learned to see
Former things in those that are,
Made them live again, and be
Just as real, as they were ?

Lonely Shepherd, none have told
Half this wondrous tale to thee.

Who the truth shall now unfold ?

Who shall set thy spirit free ?

Free to range the utmost scope

Of this world so fair and bright ;

Free to soar on wings of hope,

To the fount of life and light.

Shepherd, thou hast never learned

How the page of thought to fill.

Thine, the evening fire has burned,

Thine the cottage on the hill :

Thine the range of verdant fields,

And this glorious Lebanon,

All the boon thou ask'st, it yields—

Space to feed thy flocks upon.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

THEY were alone—those orphan girls,
The world was cold around them ;
Thus closer to each youthful heart,
They drew the cords that bound them.

And thus they spoke so tenderly,
And smiled upon each other ;
For both had wept a father's death,
And both had lost a mother.

The same soft hand in childhood's hour
Had smoothed their nightly pillow ;
And now they venture forth alone
Upon life's stormy billow.

But like two vessels side by side,
In calm or boisterous weather,

They sail beneath the same blue sky,
Or meet the blast together.

The world has not a sunny spot,
Or sterner path of duty,
But they would share its weariness,
As they would share its beauty.

And ever, if a cloud appears,
Or shade comes o'er their pleasure,
They turn to where a casket fair
Secures their mutual treasure.

In gentle words of deepest truth,
Traced by a dying mother,
They read her last—her parting prayer,
Her charge to LOVE EACH OTHER.

Nor can they look upon the page
Without a tear-drop stealing ;
For life has nothing left to them
Like that fond mother's feeling.

Save that a sister's tenderness
A mother's smile may borrow,
And thus may cheer the darkest hour,
And soothe the deepest sorrow.

Then gently guard a sister's love,
 'Tis richly worth thy keeping ;
Nor let it first be sought when thou
 An orphan's tears art weeping.

CITY OF NAHUN, HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.*

THERE is a grave in every land
Where British mourners weep,
Nor snowy height, nor burning sand,
But some memorials keep,
Of those who bravely fought, and fell,
With none to catch their last farewell,
Or hang upon the lingering tone
Of that fond word till life was gone.

Even here, where sultry suns are bright,
And trees that grow in Indian soil,
The traveller's wandering gaze invite,
And lure him on for many a mile ;

* The fate of these brave officers is commemorated by a stately obelisk erected near their graves, in the centre of the town of Nahun ; a scene which naturally leads to a train of melancholy and interesting reflections in the minds of those travellers who visit the remote and almost inaccessible capital of Sinmoor.

Up mountain-steep, and shadowy glade,
By tortuous pathway rudely made,
Where scarce a human step would seem
To trace that path, save in a dream ;

Even here, a city old and strong,
Like slumbering lion seems to lie,
Cradled the silent hills among ;
While far away the wandering eye
Stretches across a world of space,
The serpent-winding stream to trace,
Till lost in distance faint and gray,
It melts into the clouds away.

Even here, what tells that column tall,
What language speaks that honoured grave,
Within the city's ancient wall,
Of those whom victory could not save ?
Four British warriors, lowly laid,
Sleep where that column casts its shade,
Their pillow on that burning land,
As peaceful as their native strand.

SALERNO—ITALY.

OH ! could the sea, with its silvery flow,
Bring repose ;
Or the softened shadows that come and go
Over the rose ;

Could the skies that shine with eternal blue,
Or odorous air,
From gardens that bloom in their richest hue,
Green and fair ;

Could the mountains that live in that calm blue heaven,
Still, and bright,
Save that their tops are tempest-riven,
And mock the sight ;

Could the woods, with their cool and verdant bowers,
Wooing to rest ;
Or fountains bright, with sparkling showers ;
Or Ocean's breast,

Reflecting every picture again,
Pillar and wall,
Mountain, and wood, in the crystal plain,
Mirrored all ;

Could these, with the thousand hues they take
To charm and please,
As the freshening airs from the mountain wake
The whispering trees,

Bring to the heart that is weary with care
All it desires :
Sweet were the refuge—the shelter there,
When the world tires ;

Sweet to the traveller, tossed and worn,
His wanderings o'er,
To float, on those silvery waters borne,
To Salerno's shore.

TYNEMOUTH ABBEY.*

I DREAMED that where the ocean wave
Old Tynemouth's ruins frown upon,
There yawned beneath my feet a grave,
There woke a low sepulchral tone,
And listening to that voice of dread,
I there held converse with the dead.

Perplexed, and curious, oft had strayed
My steps to where the dead were laid,

* This splendid and venerable ruin, of an origin earlier than the eighth century, is a stupendous memorial of departed years. Whether it be viewed as the altar on which a maiden sacrificed her earthly hopes, thither led by an enthusiastic and mistaken zeal ; or as the impregnable fortress of an imperious churchman, who strangely blended piety with warfare, and religious services with the shock of arms ; it calls up visions of other days, on which the poet, the philosopher, and the historian, delight to dwell.

“Ruin sublime !—Oh ! who could gaze on thee
Untouched by tender thoughts and glimmering dreams
Of long-departed years ?”

With sculptured stone, and grassy mound,
To mark that consecrated ground ;—
Musing on days of glory past,
When stood those walls so proud and vast,
Unshaken by the tempest din
Of war without, and strife within ;—
Musing on happier, holier times,
When rung the belfry's evening chimes,
And peaceful brethren came and trod
With sandal'd feet, that verdant sod ;
Musing, and wondering what could bring
 From far and near such different minds,
Such various voices, there to sing
 Their mingled anthems to the winds.

“ Tell me, thou dweller of the tomb,
Speak from thy cave of silent gloom ;
Speak, for that truth the living crave—
Eternal truth dwells in the grave.
Speak then, I cried, and in mine ear
A³ whisper woke both deep and clear,
Like rippling swell of foaming tide,
When fall its breakers side by side,
First sweeping o'er the sandy bay,
Then sinking, fainting, fast away.

“ Proud child of earth ! ” the voice began,
“ ’Tis thine the ways of Heaven to scan ;
With listening ear, and envious eye,
To ponder on man’s destiny.
Yet, mark thou well this sacred truth,
Remembered best when learned in youth,
The only worship meet for Heaven,
In lowliness of mind is given.
Then let not saintly garb conceal
Thy secret want of fervent zeal ;
Let no vain thoughts or selfish end
 Lead thee to tread this hallowed sod ;
Let no unholy purpose blend
 With service rendered to thy God.

“ Mine was the warrior’s battle-cry,
Mine was the banner floating high,
 Mine was the victory won,
And blazoned on the lists of fame,
Was Mowbray’s bold and spotless name,
 Bequeathed from sire to son.

“ I said that victory’s wreath was mine,
But mark my words, that wreath to twine
With changeless fortune, firm, and true,
Falls to the favoured lot of few ;

And ere my raven locks were gray,
The tide of conquest ebb'd away.
Borne down by numbers, wasted, worn,
By treacherous kinsmen laughed to scorn,
I sought the convent's sheltering power
To shield me in mine evil hour.

"But who shall tell what thoughts were there
Mingling with penance, and with prayer?
What schemes of vengeance dire and deep,
Flashed through my brain—awake—asleep?
For ever in my burning breast,
I nursed the same dark foe to rest,
A spirit labouring to attain
The dizzy heights of fame again.

"Nor mine alone that mockery made
Of worship, when my thoughts have strayed
Back to the stir of battle-field,
To waving banner, sword, and shield,
And shout of victory wild and high,
From thousands met to fight and die.
Yet these were mine, when kneeling low
On the cold stones I pressed my brow;
And many a heart with secret pride,
And many a bending form beside,

Met there, and on that pavement rude,
With lowly mien, and look subdued,
Offered that seeming sacrifice
A holy God might well despise.

“ Dweller of earth ! be warned by me,
Bend not to Heaven the suppliant knee,
Nor walk before the eyes of men
An humbled saint with solemn mien,
Unless thy bosom thrills the while
With love of truth, and hate of guile.
For not the Convent’s walls alone,
And not the altar’s sacred stone,
Bear witness to that treason bold
Of outward zeal, with feelings cold ! ”

I woke—the warning dream remained ;
The voice still echoes on mine ear ;
The truths it taught have sometimes pained,
And sometimes made the true more dear.

THE GREAT, BAZAAR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BEHOLD !—what bustling scenes hath life !

At home, abroad, the same ;
The same unceasing toil and strife
For glory, wealth, or fame.

The same quick step, and eager eye,
Where Interest points the way ;
Temptation spread for those who buy,
And smiles for those who pay.

But pass ye on from glittering gem,
From damask wrought with gold,
From regal robe with ermine hem,
And treasures yet untold.

Though brightly shines the diamond wreath,
And floats the rich perfume,
Pass on—for tears may flow beneath
Where scented roses bloom.

Within the damask's silken folds
The secret moth lies there ;
And ermined robe too often holds
The canker-worm of care.

PASS OF SOUK BARRADA, SYRIA.*

WELL might the Assyrian in his pride,
Prefer thy fresh and foaming tide,
Thou sparkling mountain-stream!
Where should the fainting leper go,
To cleanse him from his deadly foe,
But to the springs that sweetly flow,
And ever purer seem ?

Yet, not thy crystal waters pure,
Were those of healing, safe, and sure,
Else had the plague been stayed ;

* Independently of the majestic beauty of the scene here represented, a deep interest attaches to this mountain stream, as being the ancient Pharpar, which the Syrian lord so naturally esteemed above the Jordan, to whose waters he was recommended to resort for the healing of his leprosy.

“In the peaceful homes of Zebdani, the mountain ballad is heard, the tale told, and the wine of Lebanon drunk ; and a mild, and kind, and well-dressed circle gathers 'round the stranger at evening. Is not this delightful in such a land ?”

But man's proud heart of flesh must learn
From things of high repute to turn ;
Nor must the great Assyrian spurn
The little Hebrew maid.

When God has blessed with healing touch,
'Tis ours to seek those streams as such,
Where'er their current flows ;
Nor all the ancient city gave
Of pomp and splendour to that wave,
Which owned no sovereign power to save,
Could make it sweet as those.

THE EVIL EYE.

——“They murmured against the goodman of the house, saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day. But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong.”

Who hath bitterness on earth ?

He who hates another's good,
He who cannot share in mirth,
Lest a happier brother should.

Envy's evil eye can see

Cause for malice and for blame,
Where the warmest praise should be
Poured upon a spotless name.

Keen to feel, and quick to show,

While its own deserts are few,
Envy marks with moody brow
Merit paid beyond its due.

Thus the labourer latest hired
Could not take his promised pay,
But the envious thought was fired
How to rend his gains away.

Cruel Envy ! mean, and low !
From thy chains my spirit free ;
Human Nature's bitterest foe,
Hate is well bestowed on thee.

Free me from thine evil eye,
Free me from thy listening ear ;
Trusting, I would live and die,
Fearing not, though foes were near.

I would love the meanest thing,
With the lowliest learn to smile,
Rather than have envy bring
Poison to my heart the while.

Turn, then turn thine evil eye
Far away from me and mine ;
Let the light of Heaven's pure sky
O'er our peaceful pathway shine.

Or, when stormy days to me
With the weight of sorrow fall,

Let my joy, my solace, be
That they come not thus to all.

I could meet the keenest blast,
I could brave the wildest storm,
If the tenderest loved, and best,
Smiled in safety, free from harm.

THE TEMPLES OF JUNO LUCINA AND CONCORD,

SICILY.

FRESH from the fount of beauty
Nature exulting springs ;
The painter's sterner duty
His work of labour brings,
By slow degrees progressing,
To rival Nature's form ;
But, ah ! not then possessing
Her smiles so fresh and warm.

The humblest village maiden,
Going forth at eventime,
With cruise of water laden,
Singing some rustic rhyme,
Has, in her simple sadness,
When tears her sorrow speak,
Or in her girlish gladness,
More beauty on her cheek

Than Art, with all its blending
Of many charms in one,
Grace to the picture lending,
And beauty not its own,
Could ever have imparted
To Juno's regal brow ;
Proud Queen, and jealous-hearted,
What loveliness hadst thou ?

Yet, in old Agrigentum,
Sicilian virgins five,
With all that Nature lent them,
Or all that Art could give,
Stood, in their bloom so tender,
Before the painter's eye,
To make one form of splendour,
Too beautiful to die.

Queen of a mystic heaven !
That form so bright was thine :
Five human graces given
To render thee divine.
And well the wreath of glory
That painter's toil had won :
Fast flew th' exulting story—
His work of pride was done.

But what can mean the thunder
At Agrigentum's walls ?
The Carthaginians plunder—
Thy temple, Juno, falls !
Not by the coward shaking
Of terror or of gloom ;
But by thy children taking
Thy temple for their tomb.

And darkly rose the column
Of that consuming smoke ;
Proud was the pile, and solemn,
From which that incense broke ;
Nor all thy boasted beauty
Could stem that burning wave ;
Thou hadst a holier duty,
To share thy children's grave !

GARDENS OF THE SERAGLIO PALACE.*

THERE may be sunshine streaming
Within that garden fair ;
There may be beauty beaming,
Soft eyes, and shining hair ;
There may be laughter sounding
Where echoes rise and sink ;
There may be light steps bounding
Beside the fountain's brink ;

* "An error has long and universally prevailed in the West of Europe, as to the degree of liberty Turkish ladies enjoy ; and their supposed subjection to their husbands has excited the pity of Christian wives ; but, if freedom alone constitute happiness, then not only are the wives and the odaliques, but the female slaves in Turkey, the happiest of the human race. They visit, and are visited, without exciting jealousy, or being subjected to resentment : the most gorgeous apartments, the most beautiful pleasure-grounds of every palace, are devoted solely to their use ; and the gardens of the Seraglio Palace at Constantinople, with their orange-groves, rose-beds, geraniums, and marble fountains, afford an admirable illustration of some scene of enchantment in an Arabian tale."

There may be music thrilling
The youthful breast with glee ;
While the nightingale is filling
The air with melody ;
There may be songs of gladness—
But, ah ! there may be tears,
And sighs of deepest sadness,
Where all so bright appears.

For woman's love was never
A thing to buy and sell ;
No, happier far, for ever
In solitude to dwell,
Than share with all—with any,
The fond approving smile—
But one amongst the many,
To sport with for a while.

Oh ! nobler far, and better,
The humble matron's lot ;
Though thousand cares beset her
Within her lowly cot ;
Though from her cheek the roses
Of youth may all be gone,
If on her truth reposes
A heart that loves but one.

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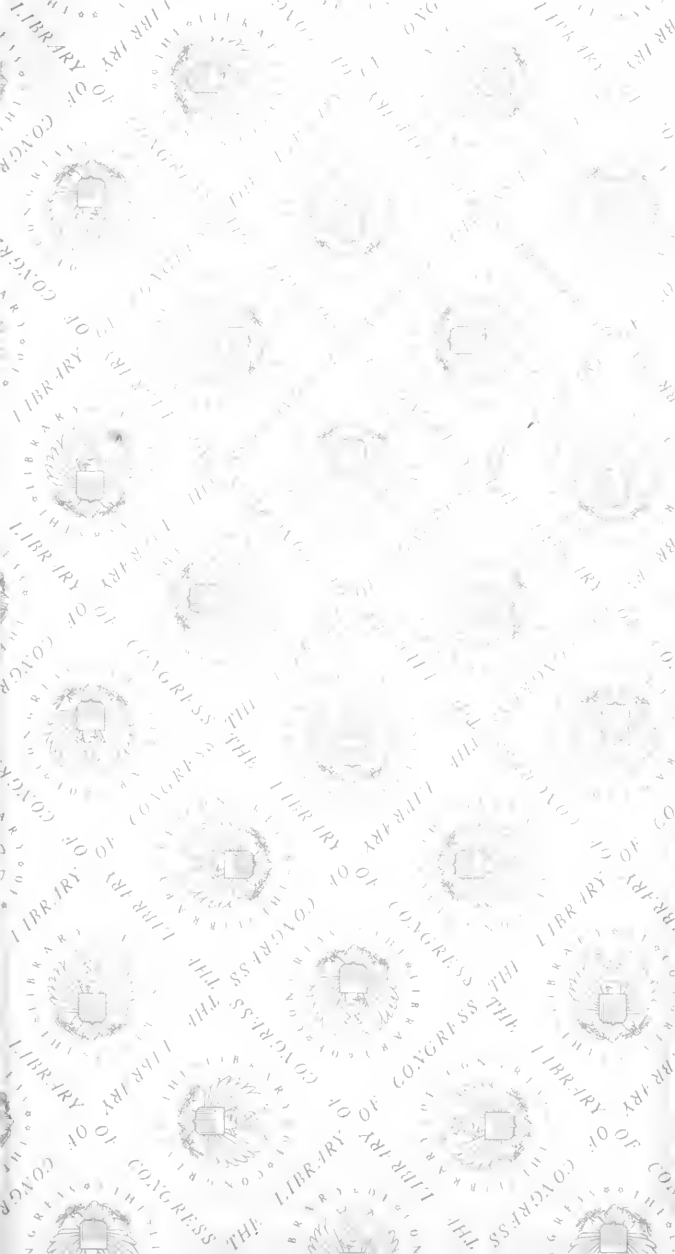




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